

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE BATH EPISODE.



HE friends of Miss Penrhys were ill advised in trying to cry down a man like my father. Active persecution was the breath of life to him. When untroubled he was apt to let both his ambition and his dignity slumber. The squibs and scandal set afloat concerning him armed his wit, nerved his temper, touched him with the spirit of enterprise; he became a new creature. I lost sight of certain characteristics which I had begun to ponder over critically. I believed with all my heart that circumstances were blameable for much that did not quite please me.

Upon the question of his magnanimity, as well as of his courage, there could not be two opinions. He would neither retort nor defend himself. I perceived some grandeur in this conduct, without, however, appreciating it cordially, as I did a refinement of discretion about him that kept him from brushing good taste while launched in ostentatious displays. He had a fine tact and a keen intuition. He may have thought it necessary to

throw a little dust in my eyes ; but I doubt his having done it, for he had only, as he knew, to make me jealous to blind me to his faults utterly, and he refrained. In his allusions to the young lady he was apologetic, affectionate ; one might have fancied oneself listening to a gracious judge who had well weighed her case, and exculpated her from other excesses than that of a generous folly. Captain DeWitt, a competent critic, pronounced his behaviour consummate at all points. For my behoof, he hinted antecedent reverses to the picture ; meditating upon which I traced them to the fatal want of money, and that I might be able to fortify him in case of need, I took my own counsel, and wrote to my aunt for the loan of as large a sum as she could afford to send. Her eagerness for news of our doings was insatiable. "You do not describe her," she replied, not naming Miss Penrhys ; and again, "I can form no image of her. Your accounts of her are confusing. Tell me earnestly, do you like her ? She must be very wilful, but is she really nice ? I want to know how she appears to my Harry's mind."

My father borrowed these letters, and returning them to me, said, "A good soul ! the best of women ! There—there is a treasure lost !" His forehead was clouded in speaking. He recommended me to assure my aunt that she would never have to take a family interest in Miss Penrhys. But this was not deemed perfectly satisfactory at Riversley. My aunt wrote : "Am I to understand that you, Harry, raise objection to her ? Think first whether she is in herself objectionable. She is rich, she may be prudent, she may be a forethoughtful person. She may not be able to support a bitter shock of grief. She may be one who can *help*. She may not be one whose heart will bear it. Put your own feelings aside, my dearest. Our duties cannot ever be clear to us until we do. It is possible for headstrong wilfulness and secret tenderness to go together. Think whether she is capable of sacrifice before you compel her to it. Do not inflict misery wantonly. One would like to see her. Harry, I brood on your future ; that is why I seem to you preternaturally anxious about you."

She seemed to me preternaturally anxious about Miss Penrhys.

My father listened in silence to my flippant satire on women's letters.

He answered after a pause,—

"Our Jorian says that women's letters must be read like anagrams. To put it familiarly, they are like a child's field of hop-scotch. You may have noticed the urchins at their game : a bit of tile, and a variety of compartments to pass it through to the base, hopping. Or no, Richie, pooh ! 'tis an unworthy comparison, this hop-scotch. I mean, laddie, they write in zigzags ; and so will you when your heart trumpets in your ear. Tell her, tell that dear, noble, good woman—say, we are happy, you and I, and alone, and shall be ; and do me the favour—she loves you, my son—address her sometimes—she has been it—call her 'mother' ; she will like it ; she deserves—nothing shall supplant her !"

He lost his voice.

She sent me three hundred pounds; she must have supposed the occasion pressing. Thus fortified against paternal improvidence, I expended a hundred in the purchase of a horse, and staked the remainder on him in a match, and was beaten. Disgusted with the horse, I sold him for half his purchase-money, and with that sum paid a bill to maintain my father's credit in the town. Figuratively speaking, I looked at my hands as astonished as I had been when the poor little rascal in the street snatched my cake, and gave me the vision of him gorging it in the flurried alley of the London crowd.

"Money goes," I remarked.

"That is the general experience of the nature of money," said my father, freshly; "but nevertheless you will be surprised to find how extraordinarily few are the people to make allowance for particular cases. It plays the trick with everybody, and almost nobody lets it stand as a plea for the individual. Here is Jorian, and you, my son, and perhaps your aunt Dorothy, and upon my word, I think I have numbered all I know—or, ay, Sukey Sampleman, I should not omit her in an honourable list—and that makes positively all I know who would commiserate a man touched on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer—not that such an indignity is any longer done to me."

"I hope we have seen the last of Shylock's great-grand-nephew," said I, emphatically.

"Merely to give you the instance, Richie. Ay! I hope so, I hope so! But it is the nature of money that you never can tell if the boarding's sound, once be dependent upon it. But this is talk for tradesmen."

Thinking it so myself, I had not attempted to discover the source of my father's income. Such as it was, it was paid half-yearly, and spent within a month of the receipt, for the most signal proof possible of its shameful insufficiency. Thus ten months of the year at least he lived protesting, and many with him, compulsorily. For two months he was a brilliant man. I penetrated his mystery enough to abstain from questioning him, and enough to determine that on my coming of age he should cease to be a pensioner, petitioner, and adventurer. He aimed at a manifest absurdity.

In the meantime, after the lesson I had received as to the nature of money, I saw with some alarm my father preparing to dig a great pit for it. He had no doubt performed wonders. Despite of scandal and tattle, and the deadly report of a penniless fortune-hunter having fascinated the young heiress, he commanded an entrance to the receptions of both the rival ladies dominant. These ladies, Lady Wilts and Lady Denewdney, who moved each in her select half-circle, and could heretofore be induced by none to meet in a common centre, had pledged themselves to honour with their presence a ball he proposed to give to the choice world here assembled on a certain illuminated day of the calendar.

"So I have now possession of Bath, Richie," said he, twinkling to

propitiate me, lest I should suspect him of valuing his achievement highly. He had, he continued, promised Hickson of the Fourth Estate, that he would, before leaving the place, do his utmost to revive the ancient glories of Bath: Bath had once set the fashion to the kingdom; why not again? I might have asked him, why at all, or why at his expense; but his lead was irresistible. Captain DeWitt and his valet, and I, and a score of ladies, scores of tradesmen, were rushing, reluctant or not, on a torrent. My part was to show that I was an athlete, and primarily that I could fence and shoot. "It will do no harm to let it be known," said DeWitt. He sat writing letters incessantly. My father made the tour of his fair stewardesses from noon to three, after receiving in audience his jewellers, linendrapers, carpenters, confectioners, from nine in the morning till twelve. At three o'clock business ceased. Workmen then applying to him for instructions were despatched to the bar of the hotel, bearing the recommendation to the barmaid not to supply them refreshment if they had ever in their lives been seen drunk. At four he dressed for afternoon parade. Nor could his enemy have said that he was not the chief voice and eye along his line of march. His tall full figure maintained a superior air without insolence, and there was a leaping beam in his large blue eyes, together with the signification of movement coming to his kindly lips, such as hardly ever failed to waken smiles of greeting. People smiled and bowed, and forgot their curiosity, forgot even to be critical, while he was in sight. I can say this, for I was acutely critical of their bearing towards him; the atmosphere of the place was never perfectly pleasing to me. My attitude of watchful reserve, and my reputation as the heir of immense wealth, tended possibly to constrain a certain number of the inimical party to be ostensibly civil. Lady Wilts, who did me the honour to patronize me almost warmly, complimented me on my manner of backing him, as if I were the hero; but I felt his peculiar charm; she partly admitted it, making a whimsical mouth, saying, in allusion to Miss Penrhys, "I, you know, am past twenty. At twenty forty is charming; at forty twenty." Where I served him perhaps was in showing my resolution to protect him: he had been insulted before my arrival. The male relatives of Miss Penrhys did not repeat the insult; they went to Lady Wilts and groaned over their hard luck in not having the option of fighting me. I was, in her phrase, a new piece on the board, and checked them. Thus, if they provoked a challenge from me, they brought the destructive odour of powder about the headstrong creature's name. Previously they had reckoned on my father for sparing her, and had done as they liked. I was therefore of use to him so far. I leaned indolently across the rails of the promenade while she bent and chattered in his ear, and her attendant cousin and cavalier, Mervyn Penrhys, chewed vexation in the form of a young mustachio's curl. His horse fretted; he murmured deep notes, and his look was savage; but he was bound to wait on her, and she would not go until it suited her pleasure. She introduced him to me—as if conversation could be carried on between



two young men feeling themselves simply pieces on the board, one giving check, and the other chafing under it! I need not say that I disliked my situation. It was worse when my father took to bowing to her from a distance, unobservant of her hand's prompt pull at the reins as soon as she saw him. Lady Wilts had assumed the right of a woman still possessing attractions to exert her influence with him on behalf of the family, for I had done my best to convince her that he entertained no serious thought of marrying, and decidedly would not marry without my approval. He acted on her advice to discourage the wilful girl.

"How is it I am so hateful to you?" Miss Penrhys accosted me abruptly. I fancied she must have gone mad, and an interrogative frown was my sole answer.

"Oh! I hear that you pronounce me everywhere unendurable," she continued. "You are young, and you misjudge me in some way, and I should be glad if you knew me better. By-and-by, in Wales.—Are you fond of mountain scenery? We might be good friends; my temper is not bad—at least, I hope not. Heaven knows what one's relatives think of one! Will you visit us? I hear you have promised your confidante, Lady Wilts."

My reply to this attack was mixed up with the broad vowels of eloquent discomposure:

"Really, Miss Penrhys, you are under a delusion; I shall be happy; I like the mountains, I——"

"No delusion at all. But will you wait before you form a positive opinion of me?"

"I can't, for I've formed it already, and it's exactly the reverse of what you seem to have heard."

"Who calls you shy!" she returned, leaving me, dissatisfied, I was sure.

At a dancing party where we met, she was thrown on my hands by her ungovernable vehemence, and I, as I had told Lady Wilts, not being able to understand the liking of twenty for forty (fifty would have been nearer the actual mark, or sixty), offered her no lively sympathy. I believe she had requested my father to pay public court to her. If Captain DeWitt was to be trusted, she desired him to dance, and dance with her exclusively, and so confirm and defy the tattle of the town; but my father hovered between the dowagers. She in consequence declined to dance, which was the next worst thing she could do. An aunt, a miserable woman, was on her left; on her right she contrived, too frequently for my peace of mind, to reserve a vacant place for me, and she eyed me intently across the room, under her persistent brows, until perforce I was drawn to her side. I had to listen to a repetition of sharp queries and replies, and affect a flattered gaiety, feeling myself most uncomfortably, as Captain DeWitt (who watched us) said, Chip the son of Block the father. By fixing the son beside her, she defeated the father's scheme of coldness, and made it appear a concerted piece of policy. Even I saw that. I

saw more than I grasped. Love for my father, was to my mind a natural thing, a proof of taste and goodness; women might love him; but the love of a young girl with the morning's mystery about her! and for my progenitor!—a girl (as I reflected in the midst of my interjections) well-built, clear-eyed, animated, clever, with soft white hands and pretty feet; how could it be? She was sombre as a sunken fire until he at last came round to her, and then her sudden vivacity was surprising.

Affairs were no further advanced when I had to obey the squire's commands and return to Riversley, missing the night of the grand ball with no profound regret, except for my father's sake. He wrote soon after one of his characteristic letters, to tell me that the ball had been a success. Immediately upon this announcement, he indulged luxurious reflections, as his manner was:—

“To have stirred up the old place and given it something to dream of for the next half century, is a satisfaction, Richie. I have a kindness for Bath. I leave it with its factions reconciled, its tea-tables furnished with inexhaustible supplies of the chief thing necessary, and the persuasion firmly established in my own bosom that it is impossible to revive the past, so we must march with the age. And let me add, all but every one of the bills happily discharged, to please you. Pray, fag at your German. If (as I myself confess to) you have enjoyment of old ways, habits, customs, and ceremonies, look to Court life. It is only in Courts that a man may now air a leg; and there the women are works of art. If you are deficient in calves (which my boy, thank heaven! will never be charged with) you are there found out, and in fact every deficiency, every qualification, is at once in patent exhibition at a Court. I fancy Parliament for you still, and that is no impediment as a step. Jorian would have you sit and wallow in ease, and buy (by the way, we might think of it) a famous Burgundy vineyard (for an investment), devote the prime of your life to the discovery of a cook, your manhood to perfect the creature's education—so forth; I imagine you are to get five years of ample gratification (a promise hardly to be relied on) in the sere leaf, and so perish. Take poor Jorian for an example of what the absence of ambition brings men to. I treasure Jorian, I hoard the poor fellow, to have him for a lesson to my boy. Witty and shrewd, and a masterly tactician (I wager he would have won his spurs on the field of battle), you see him now living for one hour of the day—absolutely twenty-three hours of the man's life are chained slaves, beasts of burden, to the four-and-twentieth! So, I repeat, fag at your German.

“Miss Penrhys retires to her native Wales; Jorian and I on to London, to the continent. Plinlimmon guard us all! I send you our local newspapers. That I cut *entrechats* is false. It happens to be a thing I could do, and not an Englishman in England except myself; only I did not do it. I did appear in what I was educated to believe was the evening suit of a gentleman, and I cannot perceive the immodesty of showing my

leg. A dress that is not indecent, and is becoming to me, and is the dress of my fathers, I wear, and I impose it on the generation of my sex. However, I dined Hickson of the Fourth Estate (Jorian considers him hungry enough to eat up his twentieth before he dies—I forget the wording of the *mot*), that he might know I was without rancour in the end, as originally I had been without any intention of purchasing his allegiance. He offered me his columns; he wished me luck with the heiress; by his gods, he swore he worshipped *entrechats*, and held a silk leg the most admirable work of the manufactures. ‘Sir, you’re a gentleman,’ says he; ‘you’re a nobleman, sir; you’re a prince; you’re a star of the first magnitude.’ Cries Jorian, ‘Retract that, scum! you see nothing large but what you dare to think neighbours you,’ and quarrels the inebriate dog. And this is the maker and destroyer of reputations in this day! I study Hickson as a miraculous engine of the very simplest contrivance; he is himself the epitome of a verdict on his period. Next day he disclaimed in his opposition penny sheet the report of the *entrechats*, and ‘the spectators laughing consumedly,’ and sent me (as I had requested him to do) the names of his daughters, to whom I transmit little comforting presents, for if they are nice children such a parent must afflict them.

“Cultivate Lady Wilts. You have made an impression. She puts you forward as a good specimen of our young men. ‘Hem! madam.

“But, my dear boy, as I said, we cannot revive the past. I acknowledge it. Bath rebukes my last fit of ambition, and the experience is very well worth the expense. You have a mind, Richie, for discussing outlay, upon which I congratulate you, so long as you do not overlook equivalents. The system of the world is barter varied by robbery. Show that you have something in hand, and you enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that you were not robbed. I pledge you my word to it—I shall not repeat Bath. And mark you, an heiress is never compromised. I am not, I hope, responsible for every creature caught up in my circle of attraction. Believe me, dear boy, I should consult you, and another one, estimable beyond mortal speech! if I had become involved—impossible! No; I am free of all fresh chains, because of the old ones. Years will not be sufficient for us when you and I once begin to talk in earnest, when I open! To resume—so I leave Bath with a light conscience. Mixed with pleasant recollections is the transient regret that you were not a spectator of the meeting of the Wilts and the Denewdney streams. Jorian compared them to the Rhone and the—I forget the name of the river below Geneva—dirtyish; for there was a transparent difference in the Denewdney style of dress, and did I choose it I could sit and rule those two factions as despotically as Buonaparte his Frenchmen. Ask me what I mean by scaling billows, Richie. I will some day tell you. I have done it all my life, and here I am. But I thank heaven I have a son I love, and I can match him against the best on earth, and henceforward I live for him, to vindicate and right the boy, and place him in his

legitimate sphere. From this time I take to looking exclusively forward, and I labour diligently. I have energies.

"Not to boast, darling old son, I tell truth; I am only happy when my heart is beating near you. Here comes the mother in me pumping up. Adieu. Lebe wohl. The German!—the German!—may God in his Barmherzigkeit!—Tell her I never encouraged the girl, have literally nothing to trace a temporary wrinkle on my forehead as regards conscience. I say, may it please Providence to make you a good German scholar by the day of your majority. Hurrah for it! Present my humble warm respects to your aunt Dorothy. I pray to heaven nightly for one of its angels on earth. Kunst, Wissenschaft, Ehre, Liebe. Die Liebe. Quick at the German poets. Frau: Fräulein. I am actually dazzled at the prospect of our future. To be candid, I no longer see to write. Grüss' dich herzlich. From Vienna to you next. Lebe wohl!"

My aunt Dorothy sent a glance at the letter while I was folding it, evidently thinking my unwillingness to offer it a sign of bad news or fresh complications. She spoke of Miss Penrhys.

"Oh! that's over," said I. "Heiresses soon get consoled."

She accused me of having picked up a vulgar idea. I maintained that it was my father's.

"It cannot be your father's," said she softly; and on my affirming that he had uttered it and written it, she replied in the same tone, more effective than the ordinary language of conviction, "He does not think it."

The rage of a youth to prove himself in the right of an argument was insufficient to make me lay the letter out before other eyes than my own, and I shrank from exposing it to compassionate gentle eyes that would have pleaded similar allowances to mine for the wildness of the style. I should have thanked, but despised the intelligence of one who framed my excuses for my father, just as the squire, by abusing him, would have made me a desperate partisan in a minute. The vitality of the delusion I cherished was therefore partly extinct; not so the love; yet the love of him could no longer shake itself free from oppressive shadows.

Out of his circle of attraction books were my resource.

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Books and dreams, like the two rivers cited by my father, flowed side by side in me without mixing; and which the bright Rhone was, which the brown Arve, needs not to be told to those who know anything of youth; they were destined to intermingle soon enough. I read well, for I felt ground and had mounting views; the real world, and the mind and

passions of the world, grew visible to me. My tutor pleased the squire immensely by calling me matter-of-fact. In philosophy and history I hated speculation; but nothing was too fantastic for my ideas of possible occurrences. Once away from books, I carried a head that shot rockets to the farthest hills. My dear friend Temple was at sea, or I should have had one near me to detect and control the springs of nonsense. I was deemed a remarkably quiet, sober, thoughtful young man, acquiescent in all schemes projected for my welfare. The squire would have liked to see me courting the girl of his heart, as he termed Janet Ilchester, a little more demonstratively. We had, however, come to the understanding that I was to travel before settling. Traditional notions of the importance of the Grand Tour in the education of gentlemen, led him to consent to my taking a year on the continent accompanied by my tutor. He wanted some one, he said, to represent *him* when I was out over there; which signified that he wanted some one to keep my father in check; but as the Rev. Ambrose Peterborough, successor to the Rev. Simon Hart, was hazy and manageable, I did not object. Such faith had the quiet thoughtful young man at Riversley in the convulsions of the future, the whirlwinds and whirlpools spinning for him and all connected with him, that he did not object to hear his name and Janet's coupled, though he had not a spark of love for her. I tried to realize to myself the general opinion that she was handsome. Her eyebrows were thick and level and long; her eyes direct in their gaze, of a flinty blue, with dark lashes; her nose firm, her lips fullish, and firm when joined; her shape straight, moderately flexible. But she had no softness; she could admire herself in my presence; she claimed possession of me openly, and at the same time openly provoked a siege from the remainder of my sex; she was not maidenly. She caught imagination by the sleeve, and shut it between square whitewashed walls. Heriot thought her not only handsome, but comparable to Mrs. William Bulsted, our Julia Rippenger of old. At his meeting with Julia, her delicious loss of colour made her seem to me one of the loveliest women on earth. Janet never lost colour, rarely blushed; she touched neither nerve nor fancy.

"You want a rousing coquette," said Heriot; "you won't be happy till you've been racked by that nice instrument of torture, and the fair Bulsted will do it for you if you like. You don't want a snake or a common serpent, you want a Python."

I wanted bloom and mystery, a woman shifting like the light, with evening and night and dawn, and sudden fire. Janet was bald to the heart inhabiting me then, as if quite shaven. She could speak her affectionate mind as plain as print, and it was dull print facing me, not the arches of the sunset. Julia had only to lisp, "my husband," to startle and agitate me beyond expression. She said simple things—"I slept well last night," or "I dreamed," or "I shivered," and plunged me headlong down impenetrable forests. The mould of her mouth to a reluctant "No," and her almost invariable drawing in of her breath with

a "Yes," surcharged the everyday monosyllables with meanings of life and death. At last I was reduced to tell her, seeing that she reproached my coldness for Janet, how much I wished Janet resembled her. Her Irish eyes lightened: "Me! Harry;" then they shadowed: "She is worth ten of me." Such pathetic humility tempted me to exalt her supremely. I talked like a boy, feeling like a man: she behaved like a woman, blushing like a girl.

"Julia! I can never call you Mrs. Bulsted."

"You have an affection for my husband, have you not, Harry?"

Of a season when this was adorable language to me, the indication is sufficient. Riding out perfectly crazed by it, I met Kiomi, and transferred my emotions. The squire had paid her people an annual sum to keep away from our neighbourhood, while there was a chance of my taking to gipsy life. They had come back to their old camping-ground, rather dissatisfied with the squire.

"Speak to him yourself, Kiomi," said I; "whatever you ask for, he can't refuse anything to such eyes as yours."

"You!" she rallied me; "why can't you talk sensible stuff!"

She had grown a superb savage, proof against weather and compliments. Her face was like an Egyptian sky fronting night. The strong old Eastern blood put ruddy flame for the red colour; tawny olive edged from the red; rare vivid yellow, all but amber. The light that first looks down upon the fallen sun, was her complexion above the brows, and round the cheeks, the neck's nape, the throat, and the firm bosom prompt to lift and sink with her vigour of speech, as her eyes were to flash and darken. Meeting her you swore she was the personification of wandering Asia. There was no question of beauty and grace, for these have laws. The curve of her brows broke like a beaten wave; the lips and nostrils were wide, tragic in repose. But when she laughed she illuminated you; where she stepped she made the earth hers. She was as fresh of her East as the morning when her ancient people struck tents in the track of their shadows. I write of her in the style consonant to my ideas of her at the time. I would have carried her off on the impulse and lived her life, merely to have had such a picture moving in my sight, and call it mine.

"You're not married?" I said, ludicrously faintly.

"I've not seen the man I'd marry," she answered, grinning scorn.

The prize-fighter had adopted drinking for his pursuit; one of her aunts was dead, and she was in quest of money to bury the dead woman with the conventional ceremonies and shows of respect dear to the hearts of gipsies, whose sense of propriety and adherence to customs are a sentiment indulged by them to a degree unknown to the stabled classes. In fact, they have no other which does not come under the definite title of pride;—pride in their physical prowess, their dexterity, ingenuity, and trickiness, and their purity of blood. Kiomi confessed she had hoped to meet me; confessed next that she had been waiting to jump out on me; and next that she had sat in a tree watching the Grange yesterday for six hours; and



all for money to do honour to her dead relative, poor little soul! Heriot and I joined the decent procession to the grave. Her people had some quarrel with the Durstan villagers, and she feared the scandal of being pelted on the way to the church. I knew that nothing of the sort would happen if I was present. Kiomi walked humbly, with her head bent, leaving me the thick rippling coarse black locks of her hair for a mark of observation. We were entertained at her camp in the afternoon. I saw no sign of intelligence between her and Heriot. On my asking her, the day before, if she remembered him, she said, "I do, I'm dangerous for that young man." Heriot's comment on her was impressed on me by his choosing to call her "a fine doe leopard," and maintaining that it was a defensible phrase.

She was swept from my amorous mind by Mabel Sweetwinter, the miller's daughter of Dipwell. This was a Saxon beauty in full bud, yellow as mid-May, with the eyes of opening June. Beauty, you will say, is easily painted in that style. But the sort of beauty suits the style, and the well-worn comparisons express the well-known type. Beside Kiomi she was like a rich meadow on the border of the heaths.

We saw them together on my twenty-first birthday. To my shame I awoke in the early morning at Riversley, forgetful of my father's old appointment for the great Dipwell feast. Not long after sunrise, when blackbirds peck the lawns, and swallows are out from under eaves to the flood's face, I was hailed by Janet Ilchester beneath my open windows. I knew she had a bet with the squire that she would be the first to hail me legal man, and was prepared for it. She sat on horseback alone in the hazy dewy midsummer morning, giving clear note: "Whoop! Harry Richmond! halloo!" To which I tossed her a fox's brush, having a jewelled bracelet pendant. She missed it and let it lie, and laughed.

"No, no; it's foxie himself!—anybody may have the brush. You're dressed, are you, Harry? You were sure I should come? A thousand happy years to you, and me to see them, if you don't mind. I'm first to wish it, I'm certain! I was awake at three, out at half-past, over Durstan heath, across Eckerthy's fields—we'll pay the old man for damage—down by the plantation, Bran and Sailor at my heels, and here I am. Crow, cocks! bark, dogs! up, larks! I said I'd be first. And now I'm round to stables to stir up Uberly. Don't be tardy, Mr. Harry, and we'll be Commodore Anson and his crew before the world's awake."

We rode out for a couple of hours, and had to knock at a farmhouse for milk and bread. Possibly a sense of independence, owing to the snatching of a meal in mid flight away from home, made Janet exclaim that she would gladly be out all day. Such freaks were exceedingly to my taste. Then I remembered Dipwell, and sure that my father would be there, though he had not written of it, I proposed to ride over. She pleaded for the horses and the squire alternately. Feasting was arranged at Riversley, as well as at Dipwell, and she said musically,—

"Harry, the squire is a very old man, and you may not have many

more chances of pleasing him. To-day, do, do! To-morrow, ride to your father, if you must: of course you must if you think it right; but don't go this day."

"Not upset my fortune, Janet?"

"Don't hurt the kind old man's heart to-day."

"Oh! you're the girl of his heart, I know."

"Well, Harry, you have first place, and I want you to keep it."

"But here's an oath I've sworn to my father."

"He should not have exacted it, I think."

"I promised him when I was a youngster."

"Then be wiser now, Harry."

"You have brilliant ideas of the sacredness of engagements."

"I think I have common sense, that's all."

"This is a matter of feeling."

"It seems that you forgot it, though!"

Kiomi's tents on Durstan heath rose into view. I controlled my verbal retort upon Janet to lead her up to the gipsy girl, for whom she had an odd aversion, dating from childhood. Kiomi undertook to ride to Dipwell, a distance of thirty miles, and carry the message that I would be there by nightfall. Tears were on Janet's resolute face as we cantered home.

After breakfast the squire introduced me to his lawyer, Mr. Burgin, who, closeted alone with me, said formally,—

"Mr. Harry Richmond, you are Squire Beltham's grandson, his sole male descendant, and you are established at present, and as far as we can apprehend for the future, as the direct heir to the whole of his property, which is enormous now, and likely to increase so long as he lives. You may not be aware that your grandfather has a most sagacious eye for business. Had he not been born a rich man he would still have been one of our very greatest millionaires. He has rarely invested but to double his capital; never speculated but to succeed. He may not understand men quite so well, but then he trusts none entirely; so if there is a chasm in his intelligence, there is a bridge thrown across it. The analogy is obscure perhaps: you will doubtless see my meaning. He knows how to go on his road without being cheated. For himself, your grandfather, Mr. Harry, is the soul of honour. Now, I have to explain certain family matters. The squire's wife, your maternal grandmother, was a rich heiress. Part of her money was settled on her to descend to her children by reversion upon her death. What she herself possessed she bequeathed to them in reversion likewise to their children. Thus at your maternal grandmother's death, your mother and your aunt inherited money to use as their own, and the interest of money tied fast in reversion to their children (in case of marriage) after their death. Your grandfather, as your natural guardian, has put out the annual interest of your money to considerable profit, and now you are of age he hands it to you, as you see, without much delay. Thus you become this day the possessor

of seventy thousand pounds, respecting the disposal of which I am here to take your orders. Ahem—as to the remaining property of your mother's—the sum held by her for her own use, I mean, it devolved to her husband, your father, who, it is probable, will furnish you an account of it, ah, at his leisure, ah, um! And now, in addition, Mr. Harry, I have the squire's commands to speak to you as a man of business, on what may be deemed a delicate subject, though from the business point of view no peculiar delicacy should pertain to it. Your grandfather will settle on you estates and money to the value of twenty thousand pounds per annum on the day of your union with a young lady in this district, Miss Janet Ilchester. He undertakes likewise to provide her pin-money. Also let me observe, that it is his request—but he makes no stipulation of it—that you will ultimately assume the name of Beltham, subscribing yourself Harry Lepel Richmond Beltham; or, if it pleases you, Richmond-Beltham, with the junction hyphen. Needless to say, he leaves it to your decision. And now, Mr. Harry, I have done, and may most cordially congratulate you on the blessings it has pleased a kind and discerning Providence to shower on your head."

None so grimly ironical as the obsequious! I thought of Burgin's 'discerning' Providence (he spoke with all professional sincerity) in after days.

On the occasion I thought of nothing but the squire's straightforwardness, and grieved to have to wound him. Janet helped me. She hinted with a bashfulness, quite new to her, that I must go through some ceremony. Guessing what it was, I saluted her on the cheek. The squire observed that a kiss of that sort might as well have been planted on her back hair. "But," said he, and wisely, "I'd rather have the girl worth ten of you, than you be more than her match. Girls like my girl here are precious." Owing to her intercession, he winked at my departure after I had done duty among the tenants; he barely betrayed his vexation, and it must have been excessive.

Heriot and I rode over to Dipwell. Next night we rode back by moonlight with matter for a year of laughter, singing like two Arabian poets praises of Dark and Fair, challenging one to rival the other. Kiomi! Mabel! we shouted separately. We had just seen the dregs of the last of the birthday burgundy.

"Kiomi! what a splendid panther she is!" cries Heriot; and I: "teeth and claws, and a skin like a burnt patch on a common! Mabel's like a wonderful sunflower."

"Butter and eggs! old Richie, and about as much fire as a rushlight. If the race were Fat she'd beat the world."

"Heriot, I give you my word of honour, the very look of her's eternal summer. Kiomi rings thin—she tinkles; it's the difference between metal and flesh."

"Did she tinkle, as you call it, when that fellow Destrier, confound him! touched her?"

"The little cat! Did you notice Mabel's blush?"

"How could I help it? We've all had a dozen apiece. You saw little Kiomi curled up under the hop and briony?"

"I took her for a dead jackdaw."

"I took her for what she is, and she may slap, scream, tear, and bite, I'll take her yet—and all her tribe crying thief, by way of a diversion. She and I are footed a pair."

His impetuosity surpassed mine so much that I fell to brooding on the superior image of my charmer. The result was, I could not keep away from her. I managed to get home with leaden limbs. Next day I was back at Dipwell.

Such guilt as I have to answer for I may avow. I made violent love to this silly country beauty, and held every advantage over her other flatterers. She had met me on the evening of the great twenty-first, she and a line of damsels dressed in white and wearing wreaths, and I had claimed the privilege of saluting her. The chief superintendent of the festivities, my father's old cook, Monsieur Alphonse, turned twilight into noonday with a sheaf of rockets at the moment my lips brushed her cheek. It was a kiss marred; I claimed to amend it. Besides, we had been bosom friends in childhood. My wonder at the growth of the rose I had left but an insignificant thorny shoot, was exquisite natural flattery, sweet reason, to which she could not say nonsense. At each step we trod on souvenirs, innocent in themselves, had they recurred to childish minds. The whisper, "Hark! it's sunset, Mabel, Martha Thresher calls," clouded her face with stormy sunset colours. I respected Martha even then for boldly speaking to me on the girl's behalf. Mrs. Waddy's courage failed. John Thresher and Mark Sweetwinter were overcome by my father's princely prodigality; their heads were turned, they appeared to have assumed that I could do no wrong. To cut short the episode, some one wrote to the squire in uncouth English, telling him I was courting a country lass, and he at once started me for the continent. We had some conversation on money before parting. The squire allowed me a thousand a year, independently of my own income. He counselled prudence, warned me that I was on my trial, and giving me his word of honour that he should not spy into my bank accounts, desired me to be worthy of the trust reposed in me. Speculation he forbade. I left him satisfied with the assurance that I meant to make my grand tour neither as a merchant, a gambler, nor a rake, but simply as a plain English gentleman.

"There's nothing better in the world than that," said he.

Arrived in London, I left my travelling companion, the Rev. Ambrose Peterborough, sipping his port at the hotel, and rushed down to Dipwell, shot a pebble at Mabel's window by morning twilight, and soon had her face at the casement. But it was a cloudy and rain-beaten face. She pointed towards the farm, saying that my father was there.

"Has he grieved you, Mabel?" I asked softly.

"Oh, no, not he! he wouldn't, he couldn't; he talked right. Oh,

go, go ; for I haven't a foot to move. And don't speak so soft ; I can't bear kindness."

My father in admonishing her had done it tenderly, I was sure. Tenderness was the weapon which had wounded her, and so she shrank from it ; and if I had reproached and abused her she might perhaps have obeyed me by coming out, not to return. She was deaf. I kissed my hand to her regretfully ; a condition of spirit gradually dissolved by the haunting phantom of her forehead and mouth crumpling up for fresh floods of tears. Had she concealed that vision with her handkerchief, I might have waited to see her before I saw my father, and have been myself a prince deserving curses. He soon changed the set of the current.

"Our little Mabel here," he said, "is an inflammable puss, I fear. By the way, talking of girls, I have a surprise for you. Remind me of it when we touch Ostend. We may want a yacht there to entertain high company. I have set inquiries afloat for the hire of a schooner. This child Mabel can read and write, I suppose ? Best write no letters, boy. Do not make old Dipwell a thorny bed. I have a portrait to show you, Richie. A portrait ! I think you will say the original was worthy of more than to be taken up and thrown away like a weed. You see, Richie, girls have only one chance in the world, and good God ! to ruin that—no, no. You shall see this portrait. A pretty little cow-like Mabel, I grant you. But to have her on the conscience ! What a coronet to wear ! My young Lord Destrier—you will remember him as one of our guests here ; I brought him to make your acquaintance ; well, *he* would not be scrupulous, it is possible. Ay, but compare yourself with him, Richie ! and you and I, let us love one another and have no nettles."

He flourished me away to London, into new spheres of fancy. He was irresistible.

In a London club I was led up to the miniature of a youthful woman, singular for her endearing beauty. Her cheeks were merry red, her lips lively with the spark of laughter, her eyes in good union with them, showing you the laughter was gentle ; eyes of overflowing blue light.

"Who is she ?" I asked.

The old-fashioned building of the powdered hair counselled me to add "Who was she ?"

Captain DeWitt, though a member of the club, seemed unable to inform me. His glance consulted my father. He hummed and drawled, and said : "Mistress Anastasia Dewsbury ; that was her name."

"She does not look a grandmother," said my father.

"She would be one by this time, I dare say," said I.

We gazed in silence.

"Yes !" he sighed. "She was a charming actress, and one of the best of women. A noble-minded young woman ! A woman of cultivation and genius ! Do you see a broken heart in that face ? No ? Very well. A walk will take us to her grave. She died early."

I was breathing, "Who?" when he said, "She was my mother, my dear."

It was piteous.

We walked to an old worn flat stone in a London street, whereunder I had to imagine those features of beautiful humanity lying shut from us.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### I MEET THE PRINCESS.

HEARING that I had not slept at the hotel, the Rev. Ambrose rushed down to Riversley with melancholy ejaculations, and was made to rebound by the squire's contemptuous recommendation to him to learn to know something of the spirit of young bloods, seeing that he had the nominal charge of one, and to preach his sermon in secret, if he would be sermonizing out of church. The good gentleman had not exactly understood his duties, or how to conduct them. Far from objecting to find me in company with my father, as he would otherwise have done by transmitting information of that fact to Riversley, he now congratulated himself on it, and after the two had conversed apart, cordially agreed to our scheme of travelling together. The squire had sickened him. I believe that by comparison he saw in my father a better friend of youth.

"We shall not be the worse for a ghostly adviser at hand," my father said to me with his quaintest air of gravity and humour mixed, which was not insincerely grave, for the humour was unconscious. "An accredited casuist may frequently be a treasure. And I avow it, I like to travel with my private chaplain."

Mr. Peterborough's temporary absence had allowed me time for getting ample funds placed at our disposal through the agency of my father's solicitors, Messrs. Dettermain and Newson, whom I already knew from certain transactions with them on his behalf. They were profoundly courteous to me, and showed me his box, and alluded to his Case—a long one, and a lamentable, I was taught to apprehend, by their lugubriously professional tone about it. The question was naturally prompted in me, "Why do you not go on with it?"

"Want of funds."

"There's no necessity to name that now," I insisted. But my father desired them to postpone any further exposition of the case, saying, "Pleasure first, business by-and-by. That, I take it, is in the order of our great mother nature, gentlemen. I will not have him help shoulder his father's pack until he has had his fill of entertainment."

A smooth voyage brought us in view of the towers of Ostend towards sunrise. Standing with my father on deck, and gazing on this fringe of the grand romantic Continent, I remembered our old travels, and felt myself bound to him indissolubly, ashamed of my recent critical probings



of his character. My boy's love for him returned in full force. I was sufficiently cognizant of his history to know that he kept his head erect, lighted by the fire of his robust heart in the thick of overhanging natal clouds. As the way is with men when they are too happy to be sentimental, I chattered of anything but my feelings.

"What a capital idea that was of yours to bring down old Alphonse to Dipwell! You should have heard old John Thresher and Mark Sweetwinter and the others grumbling at the interference of 'French frogs' with their beef, though Alphonse vowed he only ordered the ox to be turned faster, and he dressed their potatoes in six different ways. I doubt if Dipwell has composed itself yet. You know I sat for president in their tent while the beef went its first round; and Alphonse was in an awful hurry to drag me into what he called the royal tent. By the way, you should have hauled the standard down at sunset."

"Not when the *son* had not come down among us," said my father, smiling.

"Well, I forgot to tell you about Alphonse. By the way, we'll have him in our service. There was he plucking at me: 'Monsieur Henri-Richie, Monsieur Henri-Richie! milles compliments . . . et les potages, Monsieur!—à la Camérani, à la tortue, aux petits pois . . . c'est en vrai artiste que j'ai su tout retarder jusqu'au dernier moment. . . . Monsieur! cher Monsieur Henri-Richie, je vous en supplie, laissez-là ces planteurs de choux.' And John Thresher, as spokesman for the rest: 'Master Harry, we beg to say, in my name, we can't masticate comfortably while we've got a notion Mr. Frenchman he's present here to play his Frenchified tricks with our plain wholesome dishes. Our opinion is, he don't know beef from hedgehog; and let him trim 'em, and egg 'em, and breadcrumb 'em, and pound the mess all his might, and then tak' and roll 'em into balls, we say we wun't, for we can't make English muscle out o' that.'—And Alphonse, quite indifferent to the vulgar: 'Hé! mais pensez donc au Papa, Monsieur Henri-Richie, sans doute il a une santé de fer: mais encore faut-il lui ménager le suc gastrique, pancréatique. . . .'"

"Ay, ay!" laughed my father; "what sets you thinking of Alphonse?"

"I suppose because I shall have to be speaking French in an hour."

"German, Richie, German."

"But these Belgians speak French."

"Such French as it is. You will, however, be engaged in a German conversation first, I suspect."

"Very well, I'll stumble on. I don't much like it."

"In six hours from this second of time, Richie, boy, I undertake to warrant you fonder of the German tongue than of any other spoken language."

I looked at him. He gave me a broad pleasant smile, without sign of a jest lurking in one corner.

The scene attracted me. Laughing fishwife faces radiant with sea-bloom in among the weedy pier-piles, and sombre blue-cheeked officers of the douane with their double row of buttons extending the breadth of their shoulders. My father won Mr. Peterborough's approval by declaring cigars which he might easily have passed.

"And now, sir,"—he used the commanding unction of a lady's doctor,—"you to bed, and a short repose. We will, if it pleases you, breakfast at eight. I have a surprise for Mr. Richie. We are about to beat the drum in the market-place, and sing out for echoes."

"Indeed, sir?" said the simple man.

"I promise you we shall not disturb you, Mr. Peterborough. You have reached that middle age, have you not, when sleep is, so to put it, your capital? And your bodily and mental activity is the interest you draw from it to live on. You have three good hours. So, then, till we meet at the breakfast-table."

My father's first proceeding at the hotel was to examine the list of visitors. He questioned one of the waiters aside, took information from him, and seized my arm rather tremulously, saying,—

"They are here. 'Tis as I expected. And she is taking the morning dress of sea-air on the dunes. Come, Richie, come."

"Who's the 'she'?" I asked, incuriously.

"Well, she is young, she is of high birth, she is charming. We have a crowned head or two here. I observe in you, Richie, an extraordinary deficiency of memory. She has had an illness; Neptune speed her recovery! Now for a turn at our German. *Die Strasse ruhen; die Stadt schläft; aber dort, siehst Du, dort liegt das blaue Meer, das nimmer-schlafende!* She is gazing on it, and breathing it, Richie. *Ach! ihr jauchzende Seejungfern.* On my soul, I expect to see the very loveliest of her sex! You must not be dismayed at pale cheeks—*blasse Wangen.* Her illness has been alarming. Why, this air is the top of life; it will, and it shall, revive her. How will she address him?—'Freund,' in my presence, perchance: she has her invalid's privilege. 'Theure Prinzessin' you might venture on. No ice! Ay, there she is!"

Solitary, on the long level of the sand-bank, I perceived a group that became discernible as three persons attached to an invalid's chair, moving leisurely towards us. I was in the state of mind between divination and doubt when the riddle is not impossible to read, would but the heart cease its hurry an instant; a tumbled sky where the break is coming. It came. The dear old days of my wanderings with Temple framed her face. I knew her without need of pause or retrospect. The crocus raising its cup pointed as when it pierced the earth, and the crocus stretched out on earth, wounded by frost, is the same flower. The face was the same, though the features were changed. Unaltered in expression, but wan, and the kind blue eyes large upon lean brows, her aspect was that of one who had been half caught away and still shook faintly in the relaxing invisible grasp.

We stopped at a distance of half-a-dozen paces to allow her time for recollection. She eyed us softly in a fixed manner, while the sea-wind blew her thick red-brown hair to threads on her cheek. Colour on the fair skin told us we were recognized.

"Princess Ottilia!" said my father.

"It is I, my friend," she answered. "And you?"

"With more health than I am in need of, dearest princess."

"And he?"

"Harry Richmond! my son, now of age, commencing his tour; and he has not forgotten the farewell bunch of violets."

Her eyelids gently lifted, asking me.

"Nor the mount you did me the honour to give me on the little Hungarian," said I.

"How nice this sea-air is!" she spoke in English. "England and sea go together in my thoughts. And you are here! I have been down very low, near the lowest. But your good old sea makes me breathe again. I want to toss on it. Have you yet seen the Markgräfin?"

My father explained that we had just landed from the boat.

"Is our meeting, then, an accident?"

"Dear princess, I heard of your being out by the shore."

"Ah! kind: and you walked to meet me? I love that as well, though I love chance. And it is chance that brings you here! I looked out on the boat from England while they were dressing me. I cannot have too much of the morning, for then I have all to myself: sea and sky and I. The night people are all asleep, and you come like an old Märchen."

Her eyelids dropped without closing.

"Speak no more to her just at present," said an English voice, Miss Sibley's. Schwartz, the huge dragoon, whose big black horse hung near him in my memory like a phantom, pulled the chair at a quiet pace, head downward. A young girl clad in plain black walked beside Miss Sibley, following the wheels.

"Danger is over," Miss Sibley answered my gaze. "She is convalescent. You see how weak she is."

I praised the lady for what I deemed her great merit in not having quitted the service of the princess.

"Oh!" said she, "my adieux to Sarkeld were uttered years ago. But when I heard of her fall from the horse I went and nursed her. We were once in dread of her leaving us. She sank as if she had taken some internal injury. It may have been only the shock to her system, and the cessation of her accustomed exercise. She has a little over-studied."

"The margravine?"

"The margravine is really very good and affectionate, and has won my esteem. So you and your father are united at last? We have often talked of you. Oh! that day up by the tower. But, do you know, the statue is positively there now, and no one—no one who had the

privilege of beholding the first bronze Albrecht Wohlgemuth, Fürst von Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld, no one will admit that the second is half worthy of him. I can feel to this day the leap of the heart in my mouth when the statue dismounted. The prince sulked for a month: the margravine still longer at your father's evasion. She could not make allowance for the impulsive man: such a father; *such a son!*"

"Thank you, thank you most humbly," said I bowing to her shadow of a mock curtsy.

The princess's hand appeared at a side of the chair. We hastened to her.

"Let me laugh, too," she prayed.

Miss Sibley was about to reply, but stared, and delight sprang to her lips in a quick cry.

"What medicine is this? Why, the light of morning has come on you, my darling!"

"I am better, dearest, better."

"You sigh, my own."

"No; I breathe lots, lots of salt air now, and lift like a boat. Ask him—he had a little friend, much shorter than himself, who came the whole way with him out of true friendship—ask him where is the friend?"

Miss Sibley turned her head to me.

"Temple," said I; "Temple is a midshipman; he is at sea."

"That is something to think of," the princess murmured, and dropped her eyelids a moment. She resumed: "The Grand Seigneur was at Vienna last year, and would not come to Sarkeld, though he knew I was ill."

My father stooped low.

"The Grand Seigneur, your servant, dear princess, was an Ottoman Turk, and his Grand Vizier advised him to send flowers in his place weekly."

"I had them, and when we could get them nowhere else," she replied. "So it was you! So my friends have been about me."

During the remainder of the walk I was on one side of the chair, and her little maid on the other, while my father to rearward conversed with Miss Sibley. The princess took a pleasure in telling me that this Aennchen of hers knew me well, and had known me before ever her mistress had seen me. Aennchen was the eldest of the two children Temple and I had eaten breakfast with in the forester's hut. I felt myself as if in the forest again, merely wondering at the growth of the trees, and the narrowness of my vision in those days.

At parting, the princess said,—

"Is my English improved? You smiled at it once. I will ask you when I meet you next."

"It is my question," I whispered to my own ears.

She caught the words.

"Why do you say—'It is my question?'"

I was constrained to remind her of her old forms of English speech.

"You remember that? Adieu," she said.

My father considerably left me to carry on my promenade alone. I crossed the ground she had traversed, noting every feature surrounding it, the curving wheel-track, the thin prickly sand-herbage, the wave-mounds, the sparse wet shells and pebbles, the gleaming flatness of the water, and the vast horizon-boundary of pale flat land level with shore, looking like a dead sister of the sea. By a careful examination of my watch and the sun's altitude, I was able to calculate what would, in all likelihood, have been his height above yonder waves when her chair was turned towards the city, at a point I reached in the track. But of the matter then simultaneously occupying my mind, to recover which was the second supreme task I proposed to myself—of what I also was thinking upon the stroke of five o'clock, I could recollect nothing. I could not even recollect whether I happened to be looking on sun and waves when she must have had them full and glorious in her face.

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#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### ON BOARD A YACHT.

WITH the heartiest consent I could give, and a blank cheque, my father returned to England to hire forthwith a commodious yacht, fitted and manned. Before going he discoursed of prudence in our expenditure; though not for the sake of the mere money in hand, which was a trifle, barely more than the half of my future income; but that the squire, should he by and by bethink him of inspecting our affairs, might perceive we were not spendthrifts.

"I promised you a surprise, Richie," said he, "and you have had it; whether at all equal to your expectations is for you to determine. I was aware of the margravine's intention to bring the princess to these seasands; they are famous on the Continent. It was bruited last winter and spring that she would be here in the season for bathing; so I held it likely we should meet. We have, you behold. In point of fact, we owe the good margravine some show of hospitality. The princess has a passion for tossing on the sea. To her a yacht is a thing dropped from the moon. His highness the prince her father could as soon present her with one as with the moon itself. The illustrious Serenity's revenue is absorbed, my boy, in the state he has to support. As for his daughter's dowry, the young gentleman who anticipates getting one with her, I commend to the practice of his whistling. It will be among the sums you may count, if you are a moderate arithmetician, in groschen. The margravine's income I should reckon to approach twenty thousand per annum, and she proves her honourable sense that she holds it in trust for

others by dispersing it rapidly. I fear she loves cards. So, then, I shall go and hire the yacht through Dettermain and Newson, furnish it with piano and swing-cot, &c. ; and if the ladies shrink from a cruise they can have an occasional sail. Here are we at their service. I shall be seriously baffled by fortune if I am not back to you at the end of a week. You will take your early morning walk, I presume. On Sunday see that our chaplain, the excellent Mr. Peterborough, officiates for the assembled Protestants of all nations. It excites our English enthusiasm. In addition, son Richie, it is peculiarly our duty. I at least hold the view that it is a Family duty. Think it over, Richie boy. Providence, you see, has sent us the man. As for me, I feel as if I were in the dawn of one life with all the mature experience of another. I am calm, I am perfectly unexcited, and I tell you, old son, I believe—pick among the highest—our destinies are about the most brilliant of any couple in Great Britain."

His absence relieved me in spite of my renewed pleasure in his talk ; I may call it a thirsty craving to have him inflating me, puffing the deep unilluminated treasure-pits of my nature with laborious hints, as mines are filled with air to keep the miners going. While he talked he made these inmost recesses habitable. But the pain lay in my having now and then to utter replies. The task of speaking was hateful. I found a sweetness in brooding unrealizingly over hopes and dreams and possibilities, and I let him go gladly that I might enjoy a week of silence, just taking impressions as they came, like the sands in the ebb-tide. The impression of the morning was always enough for a day's meditation. The green colour and the crimson athwart it, and higher up the pinky lights, flamingo feathers, on a warm half-circle of heaven, in hue between amethyst and milky opal ; then the rim of the sun's disc not yet severe ; and then the monstrous shadow of tall Schwartz darting at me along the sand, then the princess. This picture, seen at sunrise, lasted till I slept. It stirred no thoughts, conjured no images, it possessed me. In the afternoon the margravine accompanied the princess to a point facing seaward, within hearing of the military band. She did me the favour to tell me that she tolerated me until I should become efficient in German to amuse her, but the dulness of the Belgian city compared with her lively German watering-places compelled her to try my powers of fun in French, and in French I had to do duty, and failed in my office.

"Do you know," said she, "that your honourable papa is one in a million ? He has the life of a regiment in his ten fingers. What astonishes me is that he does not make fury in that England of yours—that Lapland ! Je ne puis me passer de cet homme ! He offends me, he trifles, he outrages, he dares permit himself to be indignant. Bon ! we part, and absence pleads for him with the eloquence of Satan. I am his victim. Does he, then, produce no stir whatever in your England ? But what a people ! But yes, you resemble us, as bottles bottles ; seulement, you are emptied of your wine. Ce Monsieur Péterbooroo' ! Il m'agace les



nerfs. It cannot be blood in his veins. One longs to see him cuffed, to see if he has the English lion in him, one knows not where. But you are so, you English, when not intoxicated. And so censorious! You win your battles, they say, upon beer and cordials: it is why you never can follow up a success. *Je tiens cela du Maréchal Prince B*—. Let that pass. One groans at your intolerable tristesse. *La vie en Angleterre est comme un marais*. It is a scandal to human nature. It blows fogs, foul vapours, joint-stiffnesses, agues, pestilences, over us here—yes, here! That is your best side: but your worst is too atrocious! *Mon Dieu!* Your men-rascals! Your women-rascals! Your English vaurien is, indeed, un ange déchu—we will not say from what side of Paradise."

"Good soul!" the princess arrested her, "I beg that you will not abuse England."

"Have I abused England?" exclaimed the margravine. "Nay, then, it was because England is shockingly unjust to the most amusing, the most reviving, charming of men. There is he fresh as a green bubbling well, and those English decline to do honour to his source. Now tell me, you!" She addressed me imperiously. "Are you prosecuting his claims? Are you besieging your Government? What! you are in the season of generosity, an affectionate son, wealthy as a Magyar prince of flocks, herds, mines, and men, and you let him stand in the shade deprived of his birthright? Are you a purse-proud commoner, or an imbecile?"

"My whimsy aunt!" the princess interposed again, "now you have taken to abusing a defenceless Englishman."

"Nothing of the sort, child. I compliment him on his looks and manners; he is the only one of his race who does not appear to have marched out of a sentinel's box with a pocket-mirror in his hand. I thank him from my soul for not cultivating the national cat's whisker. None can imagine what I suffer from the oppressive sight of his *Monsieur Pétérbooroo!* And they are of one pattern—the entire nation! He! no, he has the step of a trained bloodhorse. Only, as Kaunitz, or somebody, said of Joseph II., or somebody, he thinks or he chews. Englishmen's mouths were clearly not made for more purposes than one. In truth, I am so utterly wearied, I could pray for the diversion of a descent of rain. The life here is as bad as in Rippau. I might just as well be in Rippau doing duty: the silly people complain, I hear. I am gathering dust. These, my dear, these are the experiences which age women at a prodigious rate. I feel chains on my limbs here."

"Madam, I would," said I, "that I were the Perseus to relieve you of your monster Ennui, but he is coming quickly."

"You see, he has his pretty phrases!" cried the margravine; adding encouragingly: "*S'il n'est pas tant soit peu impertinent?*"

The advance of some German or Russian nobleman spared me further efforts.

We were on shore, listening to the band in the afternoon, when a sail like a spark of pure white stood on the purple black edge of a storm-cloud. It was the yacht. By sunset it was moored off shore, and at night hung with variegated lamps. Early next morning we went on board. The ladies were astonished at the extent of the vessel, and its luxurious fittings and cunning arrangements. My father, in fact, had negotiated for the hire of the yacht some weeks previously, with his accustomed forethought.

"House and town and fortress provisioned, and moveable at will!" the margravine interjected repeatedly.

The princess was laid on raised pillows in her swing-cot under an awning aft, and watched the sailors, the splendid offspring of old sea-fights, as I could observe her spirited fancy conceiving them. They were a set of men to point to for an answer to the margravine's strictures on things English.

"Then, are you the captain, my good Herr Heilbrunn?" the margravine asked my father.

He was dressed in cheerful blue, wearing his cheerfullest air, and seemed strongly inclined for the part of captain, but presented the actual commander of the schooner-yacht, and helped him through the margravine's interrogations.

"All is excellent,—excellent for a day's sail," she said. "I have no doubt you could nourish my system for a month, but to deal frankly with you, prepared meats and cold pies!—to face them once is as much as I am capable of."

"Dear Lady Field-Marshal," returned my father, "the sons of Neptune would be of poor account, if they could not furnish you cookery at sea."

They did, for Alphonse was on board. He and my father had a hot discussion about the margravine's dishes, Alphonse declaring that it was against his conscience to season them pungently, and my father preaching expediency. Alphonse spoke of the artist and his duty to his art, my father of the wise diplomatist who manipulated individuals without any sacrifice of principle. They were partly at play, of course, both having humour. It ended in the margravine's being enraptured. The delicacy of the invalid's dishes was beyond praise. "So, then, we are absolutely better housed and accommodated than on shore!" the margravine made her wonder heard, and from that fell to enthusiasm for the vessel. After a couple of pleasant smooth sailing days, she consented to cruise off the coasts of France and England. Adieu to the sands. Throughout the cruise she was placable, satisfied with earth and sea, and constantly eulogizing herself for this novel state of serenity. Cards, and a collection of tripping French books bound in yellow, danced the gavotte with time, which made the flying minutes endurable to her; and for relaxation there was here the view of a shining town dropped between green hills to dip in sea-water, yonder a ship of merchandise or war to speculate upon,

trawlers, collier-brigs, sea-birds, wave over wave. No cloud on sun and moon. We had gold and silver in our track, like the believable children of fairyland. The princess, lying in her hammock-cot on deck, both day and night, or for the greater part of the night, let her eyes feast incessantly on a laughing sea : when she turned them to any of us, pure pleasure sparkled in them. The breezy salt hours were visible ecstasy to her blood. If she spoke it was but to utter a few hurried happy words, and shrink as you see the lightning behind a cloud-rack, suggestive of fiery swift emotion within, and she gazed away overjoyed at the swoop and plunge of the gannet, the sunny spray, the waves curling crested or down-like. At night a couple of sailors, tender as women, moved her in the cot to her cabin. We heard her voice in the dark of the morning, and her little maid Aennchen came out and was met by me ; and I at that hour had the privilege to help move her back to her favourite place, and strap the iron-stand fast, giving the warm-hooded cot room to swing. The keen sensations of a return to health amid unwonted scenes made things magical to her. When she beheld our low green Devon hills she signalled for help to rise, and "That is England!" she said, summoning to her beautiful clear eyeballs the recollection of her first desire to see my country. Her petition was that the yacht should go in nearer and nearer to the land till she could discern men, women, and children, and their occupations. A fisherman and his wife sat in the porch above their hanging garden, the woman knitting, the man mending his nets, barefooted boys and girls astride the keel of a boat below them. The princess eyed them, and wept. "They give me happiness, I can give them nothing," she said.

The margravine groaned impatiently at talk of such a dieaway sort.

My father sent a couple of men on shore with a gift of money to their family in the name of the Princess Ottilia. How she thanked him for his prompt ideas! "It is because you are generous you read one well."

She had never thanked me. I craved that vibrating music as of her deep heart penetrated and thrilling, but shrank from grateful words which would have sounded payment. Running before the wind swiftly on a night of phosphorescent sea, when the waves opened to white hollows with frayed white ridges, wreaths of hissing silver, her eyelids closed, and her hand wandered over the silken coverlet to the hammock-cloth, and up, in a blind effort to touch. Mine joined to it. Little Aennchen was witness. Ottilia held me softly till her slumber was deep.

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#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### IN VIEW OF THE HOHENZOLLERN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Our cruise came to an end in time to save the margravine from yawning. The last day of it was windless, and we hung in sight of the colourless low Flemish coast for hours, my father tasking his ingenuity to amuse her.

He sang with Miss Sibley, rallied Mr. Peterborough, played picquet to lose, threw over the lead-line to count the fathoms, and whistling for the breeze, said to me, "We shall decidedly have to offer her an exhibition of tipsy British seamen as a final resource. The case is grave either way; but we cannot allow the concluding impression to be a dull one."

It struck me with astonishment to see the vigilant watch she kept over the princess this day, after having left her almost uninterruptedly to my care.

"You are better?" She addressed Ottilia. "You can sit up? You think you can walk? Then I have acted rightly, nay, judiciously,—I have not made a sacrifice for nothing. I took the cruise, mind you, on your account. You would study yourself to the bone, till you looked like a canary's quill, with that Herr Professor of yours. Now I've given you a dose of life. Yes, you begin to look like human flesh. Something has done you good."

The princess flushing scarlet, the margravine cried,—

"There's no occasion for you to have the whole British army in your cheeks. Goodness me! what's the meaning of it? Why, you answer me like flags, banners, uhlands' pennons, full-frocked cardinals!"

My father stepped in.

"Ah, yes," said the margravine. "But you little know, my good Roy, the burden of an unmarried princess; and heartily glad shall I be to hand her over to Baroness Turkems. That's her instituted governess, duenna, dragon,—what you will. She was born for responsibility, I was not; it makes me miserable. I have had no holiday. True, while she was like one of their wax virgins I had a respite. Fortunately, I hear of you English that, when you fall to sighing, you suck your thumbs and are consoled."

My father bowed her, and smiled her, and whirled her away from the subject. I heard him say, under his breath, that he had half a mind to issue orders for an allowance of grog to be served out to the sailors on the spot. I suggested, as I conceived in a similar spirit, the forcible ducking of Mr. Peterborough. He appeared to entertain and relish the notion in earnest.

"It might do. It would gratify her enormously," he said, and eyed the complacent clerical gentleman with transparent jealousy of his claims to decent treatment. "Otherwise, I must confess," he added, "I am at a loss. My wits are in the doldrums."

He went up to Mr. Peterborough, and, with an air of great sincerity and courtesy, requested him in French to create a diversion for her Highness the Margravine of Rippau during the extreme heat of the afternoon by precipitating himself headlong into forty fathoms, either attached or unattached. His art in baffling Mr. Peterborough's attempts to treat the unheard-of request as a jest was extraordinary. The ingenuity of his successive pleas for pressing such a request pertinaciously upon Mr. Peterborough in particular, his fixed eye, yet cordial deferential manner, and the stretch of

his forefinger, and argumentative turn of the head—indicative of an armed disputant fully on the alert, and as if it were of profound and momentous importance that he should thoroughly defeat and convince his man—overwhelmed us. Mr. Peterborough, not being supple in French, fell back upon his English with a flickering smile of protestation; but even in his native tongue he could make no head against the tremendous volubility and brief eager pauses besetting him.

The farce was too evanescent for me to reproduce it.

Peterborough turned and fled to his cabin. Half the crew were on the broad grin. The margravine sprang to my father's arm, and entreated him to be her guest in her Austrian mountain summer seat. Ottilia was now her darling and her comfort. Whether we English youth sucked our thumbs, or sighed furiously, she had evidently ceased to care. Mr. Peterborough assured me at night that he had still a difficulty in persuading himself of my father's absolute sanity, so urgent was the fire of his eye in seconding his preposterous proposition; and, as my father invariably treated with the utmost reserve a farce played out, they never arrived at an understanding about it, beyond a sententious agreement once, in the extreme heat of an Austrian highland valley, that the option of taking a header into sea-water would there be divine.

Our yacht winged her way home. Prince Ernest of Eppenwelen-Sarkeld, accompanied by Baroness Turckems, and Prince Otto, his nephew, son of the Prince of Eisenberg, a captain of Austrian lancers, joined the margravine in Würtemberg, and we felt immediately that domestic affairs were under a different management. Baroness Turckems relieved the margravine of her guard. She took the princess into custody. Prince Ernest greeted us with some affability: but it was communicated to my father that he expected an apology before he could allow himself to be as absolutely unclouded towards us as the blaze of his titles. My father declined to submit; so the prince inquired of us what our destination was. Down the Danube to the Black Sea and Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, the Nile, the Desert, India, possibly, and the Himalayas, my father said. The prince bowed. The highest personages, if they cannot travel, are conscious of a sort of airy majesty pertaining to one who can command so wide and far a flight. We were supplicated by the margravine to appease her brother's pride with half a word. My father was firm. The margravine reached her two hands to him. He kissed over them each in turn. They interchanged smart semi-flattering or cutting sentences.

"Good!" she concluded; "now I sulk you for five years."

"You would decapitate me, madam, and weep over my astonished head, would you not?"

"Upon my honour, I would," she shook herself to reply.

He smiled rather sadly.

"No pathos!" she implored him.

"Not while I live, madam," said he,

At this her countenance underwent a tremor.

"And when that ends. . . friend! well, I shall have had my last laugh in the world."

Both seemed affected. My father murmured some soothing word.

"Then you *do* mean to stay with me?" the margravine caught him up.

"Not in livery, your highness."

"To the deuce with you!" would be a fair translation of the exalted lady's reply. She railed at his insufferable pride.

"And you were wrong, wrong," she pursued. "You offended the prince mightily; you travestied his most noble ancestor——"

"In your service, may it please you."

"You offended, offended him, I say, and you haven't the courage to make reparation. And when I tell you the prince is manageable as your ship, if you will only take and handle the rudder. Do you perceive?"

She turned to me.

"Hither, Mr. Harry; come, persuade him. Why, you do not desire to leave me, do you?"

Much the reverse. But I had to congratulate myself subsequently on having been moderate in the expression of my wishes; for, as my father explained to me, with sufficient lucidity to enlighten my dulness, the margravine was tempting him grossly. She saw more than I did of his plans. She could actually affect to wink at them that she might gain her point, and have her amusement, and live for the hour, treacherously beguiling a hoodwinked pair to suppose her partially blind or wholly complaisant. My father knew her and fenced her.

"Had I yielded," he said, when my heart was low after the parting, "I should have shown her my hand. I do not choose to manage the prince that the margravine may manage me. I pose my pride—immolate my son to it, Richie? I hope not. No. At Vienna we shall receive an invitation to Sarkeld for the winter, if we hear nothing of entreaties to turn aside to Ischl at Munich. She is sure to entreat me to accompany her on her annual visit to her territory of Rippau, which she detests; and, indeed, there is not a vine in the length and breadth of it. She thought herself broad awake, and I have dosed her with an opiate."

He squeezed my fingers tenderly. I was in want both of consolation and very delicate handling when we drove out of the little Württemberg town: I had not taken any farewell from Ottilia. Baroness Turckem was already exercising her functions of dragon. With the terrible forbidding word "*Repose*," she had wafted the princess to her chamber in the evening, and folded her inextricably round and round in the morning. The margravine huffed, the prince icy, Ottilia invisible, I found myself shooting down from the heights of a dream among shattered fragments of my cloud palace before I well knew that I had left off treading common earth. All my selfish nature cried out to accuse Ottilia. We drove



along a dusty country road that lay like a glaring shaft of the desert between vineyards and hills.

"There," said my father, waving his hand where the hills on our left fell to a distance and threw up a lofty head and neck cut with one white line, "your Hohenzollerns shot up there. Their castle looks like a tight military stock. Upon my word, their native mountain has the air of a drum-major. Mr. Peterborough, have you a mind to climb it? We are at your disposal."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said the Rev. Ambrose, gazing enthusiastically, but daunted by the heat: "if it is your wish?"

"We have none that is not yours, Mr. Peterborough. You love ruins, and we are adrift just now. I presume we can drive to the foot of the ascent. I should wish my son perhaps to see the source of great houses."

Here it was that my arm was touched by old Schwartz. He saluted stiffly, and leaning from the saddle on the trot of his horse at an even pace with our postilion, stretched out a bouquet of roses. I seized it palpitating, smelt the roses, and wondered. May a man write of his foolishness? — tears rushed to my eyes. Schwartz was far behind us when my father caught sight of the magical flowers.

"Come!" said he, glowing, "we will toast the Hohenstaufens and the Hohenzollerns to-night, Richie."

Later, when I was revelling in fancies sweeter than the perfume of the roses, he pressed their stems reflectively, unbound them, and disclosed a slip of crested paper. On it was written:

"Violets are over."

Plain words; but a princess had written them, and never did so golden a halo enclose any piece of human handiwork.

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## The late Eclipse.

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ASTRONOMERS have passed yet another of those stages which mark their progress towards a fuller knowledge of solar physics. That strange peculiarity of the celestial phenomena presented to us inhabitants of earth, by which our satellite is able just to blot out from view the great central luminary of the planetary scheme, has yet once more served us in good stead. The few brief seconds during which the sun remained concealed on December 22nd last, have supplied the means of testing those rival theories which had been propounded respecting the solar corona, and, as it seems to us, of arriving at definite conclusions as to the general nature of this interesting object.

We propose, first, briefly to trace the progress of astronomers so far as it has depended upon the observation of total solar eclipses: in order that the position of the last eclipse may be adequately recognized; and also (for the study of science points ever forwards) that the anticipations to be formed respecting future eclipses may be shadowed forth.

In passing, it may be well to notice how important an influence that peculiarity respecting the apparent dimensions of the sun and moon, to which we have just referred, has exercised on the progress of astronomy. We are so accustomed to the near equality of the sun and moon as respects their apparent size, that we are apt to overlook the fact that this apparent equality must be regarded rather in the light of a fortunate accident than as in any way an essential attribute of the orbs which rule the day and the night. In the whole range of the solar system there is no other instance of so remarkable an association. In Mercury, Venus, and Mars, of course, no eclipses of any sort can occur, because these planets have no moons. But even in Jupiter, notwithstanding the grandeur of his system of satellites, and though total solar eclipses recur at intervals which must be measured by hours rather than by months, as with us, yet such solar eclipses as we see can never take place. For not one of his moons is capable of just hiding the sun's disc and a very narrow border all round, while beyond that border the coloured prominences, and beyond the prominences the glory of the corona, are left in view. If we try to conceive the circumstance of an eclipse of the sun by one of Jupiter's nearest moons, we have to imagine a dark disc capable of obliterating a sun more than thirty times larger than that which is actually seen from Jupiter; and even the farthest of Jupiter's moons covers twice as great a space as the sun. It is easily seen that when a total eclipse is just beginning or just ending, under these circumstances,

only a small part of the matter outside the sun can be visible, and nothing resembling that complete ring of such matter, visible to ourselves when the moon obliterates from view the nearly equal solar disc. So also in Saturn—whence the sun must appear as a mere dot of bright light—and in Uranus and Neptune, whence he appears yet smaller, there can be no such eclipses as we inhabitants of earth are favoured with. Hence it may not unreasonably be concluded that terrestrial astronomers alone have any knowledge of the coloured solar prominences and of the corona.

It is worth mentioning, also, that interesting as are the discoveries which have been recently made during solar eclipses, there are other discoveries due also to the observation of total eclipses, though in very ancient times, which are as full of interest. It sounds incredible, but is nevertheless strictly true, that owing to comparatively rough observations of ancient eclipses, modern astronomers have learned that the moon is gradually drawing nearer to the earth, and further that the rate of the earth's rotation on her axis is slowly but surely diminishing, inso-much that at some far distant epoch the day will last as long as a lunar month. Nor do the facts that the approach of the moon will in time be changed into recession, and that the lengthening of the day takes place so slowly that millions of centuries must elapse before it is completed, diminish the interest which attaches to these tokens of mutability in relations which had once been regarded as altogether unchangeable.

But let us turn to those discoveries which belong more especially to the now wide department of science called solar physics.

It does not appear that the ancients had any idea that observations made during total eclipses could afford any information as to the condition of the great central luminary of our system. To them the chief interest of solar and lunar eclipses consisted in the evidence they afforded of the exactness of astronomical computations, and the soundness of the general principles on which those computations were based. Nor do we find that any of the observed phenomena of total eclipses attracted the special attention of ancient astronomers. They recognized the corona, and they justly regarded it as the cause of that light which still remains when the sun's globe is wholly concealed from view; but they formed no theories as to the physical significance of this aureole of light.

Indeed, if we are to reach the time when systematic observations have been made upon the sun, with the express object of determining the nature of those appendages which come into view during total eclipse, we must pass over not merely the whole of ancient astronomy, but almost the whole of that portion of the history of modern astronomy which refers to epochs preceding the last thirty years or so.

It was when the eclipse of 1842 was approaching, that for the first time astronomers aroused themselves to a sense of the real importance of the phenomena presented during total eclipse. Then, for the first time, astronomers of repute, armed with instruments of adequate power, placed themselves along the track which the moon's black shadow was to pursue,

and severally prepared to glean what knowledge they might respecting the physical habitudes of the solar surroundings.

The expeditions made in 1842 were abundantly rewarded. For it was during that great total eclipse that the coloured prominences were first fairly recognized. More than a century before Vassenius had suspected the existence of some red objects near the eclipsed sun. But strangely enough small attention had been paid to his remarks. And accordingly, the astonished world of astronomers learned first, in 1842, that mighty red protuberances of a nature as yet unexplained, but certainly vast beyond all our powers of conception, surround the surface of our great luminary. It needed but a brief study of the pictures made by those who observed the eclipse, to see that in the first place these phenomena were undoubtedly solar, and secondly that the real magnitude of some of the prominences was enormously greater than that of the earth on which we live. Whether these were mountains heated to incandescence by the solar fires, or fiery clouds suspended in the solar atmosphere, or lastly, flames rising like mighty tongues from the solar surface, few ventured to pronounce. But it was plainly seen that, whatever they might be, they surpassed all hitherto discovered phenomena within the whole range of the solar system in interest and magnificence. The telescope had hitherto shown nothing which could well be compared with these strange solar appendages. The mountains and valleys in the moon, the lands and seas of Mars, the belts of Jupiter and Saturn, and even the mighty ring-system which girdles the last-named orb, all these, interesting though they doubtless are in themselves, yet sink into utter insignificance compared with solar appendages so vast that, at a moderate estimate, some of them must have a height exceeding the diameter of Jupiter,—the giant of the solar system.

The real existence of the coloured prominences was not admitted, however, without further evidence. In all ages of astronomy there have been those who dispute to the last the significance of observed facts. Unfortunately, in this instance, as in others, the suggested doubts exercised a mischievous effect. It was urged loudly by a few astronomers—as Faye, Feilitzsch, and others,—that the so-called prominences were mere optical illusions, or else were but a species of lunar mirage. Airy, Baily, the younger Struve, and others, had recorded their experience in vain; fresh observations were called for; and accordingly in 1851, and again in 1860, a host of skilful observers devoted their energies to demonstrate what was in truth a demonstrated fact,—the reality of the red protuberances.

Yet the important eclipse of 1860 did not pass altogether without profit. Too many, indeed, of the observers who formed the celebrated "Himalaya expedition," as well as of those continental astronomers who visited the path of the moon's shadow across Spain, were led by the unfortunate doubts of Faye and others to make useless observations. But the successful photographing of the coloured prominences by De La

Rue and Secchi, sufficed to convert what would otherwise have been a gigantic failure into a success well worthy of record. For the first time astronomers possessed pictures of the prominences which were beyond cavil or question. And further, since De La Rue had been stationed in the west of Spain, while Secchi had placed himself close by the eastern shore, it had become possible to form an opinion of the permanence or mobility of these strange objects. So far as the comparison made between these two sets of photographs was concerned, it appeared as though the solar prominences were fixed objects; and some went so far as to conclude definitely that they are real solar mountains.

It was not until the great eclipse of August, 1868, that the real nature of the coloured prominences was ascertained. This eclipse was distinguished from all that had ever been observed before, by the duration of totality. For more than six minutes the disc of the sun was completely hidden from view. It need hardly be added that the shadow on the earth's surface was exceptionally wide; so that near the middle of totality at any station along the central line the observer was in the centre of a nearly circular region of the earth more than 150 miles in diameter, and to which not a ray of direct sunlight penetrated. All the features of the eclipse were thus observed under singularly favourable circumstances.

In the first place, it was possible to obtain more photographs than on any former occasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tennant, using a fine 9-inch reflector made by Mr. J. Browning, F.R.A.S., obtained no less than six photographs, coloured pictures of which lie before us as we write. The first shows a glare of light on the left, where the moon had not as yet covered the last fine line of the sun's disc. Yet we see through the glare the figures of the prominences on that side—showing “as through a glass, darkly,”—and amongst them that mighty horn-prominence whose spiral whorls attracted the attention of all who witnessed the eclipse. Then in the succeeding pictures we see the moon's disc gradually passing over this wonderful horn and the prominences lying on the same side; while on the opposite side we see a long range of prominences coming as gradually into view. None of these are comparable in height with the mighty spiral on the left, though some of them are amazing objects, and of dimensions so vast, that a globe like our earth placed close by them, would seem but as the veriest bubble amid the foam of a storm-wave. In the last picture of all, these prominences on the right show their full proportions as the advancing moon is about to bring the disc of the sun into view on that side. But though the moon has passed thus far towards the left, and though, indeed, all other prominences on the left are concealed from view, yet on that side the spiral horn still towers so loftily as to form the most striking feature of the scene.

But interesting as are these pictures, and forming though they do, despite the success of the American astronomers in August, 1869, the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken of the eclipsed sun, the chief interest of the eclipse of 1868 depends on another circumstance.

This eclipse was the first during which the powers of the spectroscope had been applied to determine the nature of the coloured prominences; and astronomers looked forward to the result with a degree of interest which was fully justified by the discovery actually effected.

The spectroscope, applied successfully at all the observing stations, resolved, in a manner there was no misinterpreting, the problem which had so long perplexed astronomers. And the strange answer to their questions was *this*,—that the coloured prominences are masses of gas glowing with intensity of heat. Those vast and seemingly stable protuberances, so enormous that ten globes like our earth placed one upon the other on the sun's surface would not reach their summit, are flames of hydrogen, that familiar element which constitutes so large a proportion of our ordinary gas-flames. Or rather they are not strictly flames of hydrogen, but whorls of the gas heated to an intense degree of brightness. And other vapours are also present in these vast glowing masses, since the spectrum of the prominence-light shows other lines than those which are characteristic of hydrogen.

We need not recount here in full the interesting history of sequent researches into the prominences. Indeed not the least remarkable feature of that history is the circumstance that the study of the prominences has not continued to be associated (as it had been until the autumn of 1868,) with the history of eclipses. First Janssen, afterwards (but independently) Lockyer, succeeded in seeing the bright lines of the prominence spectrum when the sun was shining in full splendour. Then the lower regions of prominence-matter, forming what previous observers had denominated the *sierra*—but named by Lockyer (who was unaware of its prior discovery) the *chromosphere*—was analysed with the spectroscope, and in the same manner. And lastly came the crowning discovery of all—the recognition, by Dr. Huggins, of the fact that the prominences themselves, as distinguished from the lines of their spectra, can be seen when the sun is not eclipsed. By Huggins's method, Lockyer and Zollner obtained interesting views of the prominences, and witnessed the strange and in some instances rapid changes to which these objects are subjected. But Respighi of Italy has been even more successful, or rather, more systematic in his researches. For he has succeeded in obtaining daily records of the condition of the sun's edge, not in one place only but all round. So that we have every reason to anticipate that before long astronomers will be able to watch the changes of the prominences from day to day as systematically as they already watch the progress of the solar spots. If each day there were a total eclipse, instead of but an eclipse or so per year, we could not have such complete and perfect records of the sun's condition, as some of those which Professor Respighi has obtained for every fine day during two or three consecutive months. We have one of his monthly pictorial records before us as we write; and it would certainly be vain for the most skilful artist to attempt, during even so long lasting an eclipse as that of August, 1868, to exhibit



the prominences in such detail as we find in each of the daily views forming this record.

Astronomers and physicists had thus successfully analysed the coloured prominences, or, to use Mr. Lockyer's striking, if not strictly elegant, expression, "these 'things' had been 'settled.' " Little more could be hoped, as respects these objects, from eclipse observations, however skilfully conducted. But so far the corona had baffled their efforts. A full account of the observations made by astronomers upon this mysterious phenomenon will be found in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August last. It will be seen that, although enough had been done to afford tolerably sure evidence as to the general nature and position of the solar corona, yet of its actual structure and constitution very little had been certainly learned. Our knowledge respecting it may be compared to that which astronomers possessed respecting the coloured prominences in 1842. We could be assured that it really is a solar appendage of some sort,—although, precisely as Faye and others had expressed doubts respecting the real existence of the coloured prominences in 1842, so in 1870 there were those (and, strangely enough, Faye was their leader) who questioned the real existence of the corona, or regarded it as a phenomenon of our own atmosphere. Yet in the opinion of all who were competent to judge, this point was justly regarded as determined. But what the actual nature of the corona might be—whether its light was reflected solar light, or came from incandescent solid matter, or, lastly, was due to glowing vapour—remained unknown.

Yet the doubts thus entertained respecting the constitution of the corona, were due rather to the seemingly contradictory nature of the evidence which the spectroscope had thus far supplied, than to the absolute want of evidence. Briefly to sum up the results which had been obtained before the eclipse of last December:—In 1868, Tennant had found that the spectrum of the corona is a continuous rainbow-tinted streak, without either dark lines or bright. Such a spectrum is given by solid and liquid bodies glowing with intensity of heat. And the inference, therefore, was, that the corona consists of minute bodies travelling close by the sun, and owing the greater part of their light to the great heat with which they are transfused. But the American observers in 1869, or at least some of them, found that besides the ribbon of rainbow-tinted light, the spectrum of the corona shows bright lines. Some observers saw only one bright line, others saw three. This observation would indicate that a portion of the coronal light comes from a gaseous source; and from the position of one of the bright lines, Professor Harkness was led to the strange conclusion that the glowing vapour of *iron* is a constituent of the solar corona! Yet further, because the position of these coronal lines corresponded with the position of the bright lines seen in the spectrum of the aurora, Professor Young, one of the most skilful of the American spectroscopists, came to the conclusion that the corona is a *perpetual solar aurora*!

The observations of the American astronomers and physicists were not accepted by all. No valid reasons were given, indeed, for rejecting them, but they were pronounced, in general terms, to be "*bizarre* and perplexing in the extreme." Possibly, too, some of our English physicists had not formed a duly high opinion of the skill of their American fellow-workers. But, be this as it may, certainly the American astronomers were somewhat cavalierly treated, and the acceptance of their observations was postponed until such time as European astronomers should have been able to confirm those perplexing results.

The chief interest of the eclipse of last December undoubtedly attaches to this special question. Some few may have felt doubtful whether the observations to be then made might not serve to overthrow or to establish the theory that the corona is a solar appendage. But it is no secret that the minds of all astronomers capable of weighing the evidence had been made up on this point long before the expeditions started. The question, however, whether the American observations would be confirmed or not, was one on which grave doubts prevailed in many quarters. For ourselves we must admit that these doubts had seemed to us to involve an unjust disparagement of the skill of American men of science, who have again and again proved themselves the equals of the best European observers in judgment and acumen, and often their superiors in energy. A careful study of the accounts given by the heads of the different observing parties, and more especially of the voluminous records in Commodore Sand's *Reports of the Eclipse Observations of August 7, 1869*, had convinced us that future observations would confirm the statements made by the spectroscopic observers of the American eclipse.

This has, in effect, happened. The first fruits of the eclipse expeditions of 1870 may be said to consist in this important fact—that the observations made in 1869, *bizarre* and perplexing though they seemed, and doubtful as many had held them to be, have been shown to be exact and trustworthy.

From the powerful observing party which was stationed at Oran we have no results. A clouded sky has sufficed to render vain the hopes, which had been formed when it was known that Dr. Huggins, the Herschel of the spectroscope, and those profound students of nature, Tyndall and Gladstone, had united their forces, and, with other able allies, were to seek one of the most promising stations along the whole course of the moon's shadow.

But from Spain and Sicily, whither the two other parties of observers had betaken themselves, we have no doubtful intelligence on this special point. From Spain we have (at the present writing) the fullest details. As on former occasions, some observers failed to see the bright lines. This failure is not remarkable when the difficult nature of the observation is considered. It has been shown, indeed, that a certain increase in the quantity of light admitted to form the spectrum would suffice to obliterate the lines altogether from view, while rendering the rainbow-tinted back-

ground considerably brighter. Negative evidence in this case proves nothing. The great question was whether reliable positive evidence would be obtained. Fortunately, two observers succeeded in answering this question in a manner there could be no mistaking. Father Perry, S.J., who headed the Spanish parties, thus describes the observations made by Captain Maclear:—"Knowing that an unfavourable sky would render observations with a powerful spectroscope quite impracticable, I desired Captain Maclear to observe with a small direct-vision Browning spectroscope, attached to a four-inch telescope, mounted equatorially." The spectroscope was so placed that the light coming from a portion of space outside the sun, and directed towards his centre, was under examination. Of course, while the sun's direct light was falling on the air lying in this direction, the spectroscope showed the ordinary solar spectrum, precisely as when one of these handy direct-vision spectroscopes is turned towards the sky in the daytime. But "immediately totality commenced," proceeds Father Perry, "the ordinary solar spectrum was replaced by a faint diffused light and bright lines," (whose position he indicates.) "There were no dark lines—that is to say, none of those lines which are present in the solar spectrum." Then follows the most important part of the account. The spectroscope was directed "to a distance of about eight minutes," or half the moon's apparent radius, from the edge of the moon's disc. "The same lines remained visible." "The centre of the moon was then tried, and the bright lines were still seen, but only half as strong as before." The spectroscope was then again directed to a point eight minutes outside the moon, and the lines were restored to their original brightness.

These results require to be considered somewhat carefully. The reader cannot fail to be surprised by the fact that, from the direction in which lay the centre of the moon's seemingly black disc, light of the same quality as that from the corona was received and analysed by the spectroscopist. Yet, on reflection, it will appear that this result was to have been anticipated; for since during the whole eclipse the corona continues visible, it follows that the air around and above the observer is during the whole eclipse illuminated by the corona. This illuminated air, therefore (if its light became sensible at all), would necessarily supply the same spectrum as the corona, only considerably reduced in brightness; and this, as we have seen above, is what actually happened.

But then it may be argued, if this be the case as respects this seemingly dark part of the sky, may not a portion of the light which seems to be received from the corona itself—which comes at any rate from the direction towards which the corona lies—be similarly due to atmospheric reflection? It is certain that such must, indeed, be the case; but it is also certain, from the greater brilliancy of the bright lines seen when this part of the sky is examined, that a portion of the light which produces these lines comes from the corona itself. We must, indeed, subtract a certain portion, about as much, perhaps, as is received from the direction

in which the moon's dark body lies,—the balance which remains belongs to the corona itself.

We should, indeed, at this point reinforce the spectroscopic observations by those results which the telescope used in the ordinary manner supplied. We must inquire what was the apparent form, where were the seeming limits, of the corona, as seen on this occasion.

On these points our information is sufficiently definite, although the circumstances were by no means such as would be considered favourable for clear vision of the delicate light of the corona. "The moment of totality approached," says Father Perry, "and no chance remained of even a momentary break in the cirrus that enveloped the sun and obscured most of the southern heavens. As the crescent became thinner, the cusps were observed first to be drawn out and then blunted, the well-known 'Baily's beads' were formed, and the corona burst forth *more than twenty seconds* before totality. Viewed through a telescope of very moderate dimensions the spectacle was grand, but the cirrus clouds destroyed almost all the grandeur of the effect for the naked eye. Mr. Browne, of Wadham College, Oxford, noticed that the corona was perfectly free from striation, outline distinct, and approximately quadrilateral, but extending furthest in the direction of first contact. The brightest part of the corona appeared to the unassisted eye to be scarcely more than one-tenth of the sun's diameter, fading rapidly when one-fifth, but being still clearly visible at seven-eighths. Some observed two curved rays, but the general appearance was that of a diffused light, interrupted in four places distinctly, and in a fifth faintly, by dark intervals. The corona was white, and rendered faint by the clouds."

It is clear, then, that that part of the sky whence the light came which gave the spectrum of bright lines was visibly occupied by the corona at the time. No question can remain then, it would seem, as to the true source of at least a large proportion of that light. The corona itself must have supplied it.

We learn further, that at another station, near Xeres, Mr. Abbaye made similar observations.

From Sicily we have not such definite statements. But the telegram received from Mr. Lockyer announces in general terms that the American observations of 1869 have been confirmed; and the force of this announcement is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance that Mr. Lockyer had been disposed to believe that the American astronomers had been deceived in 1869.

In comparison with this result, that the light of the corona gives a spectrum of bright lines,—or rather a mixed spectrum in which bright lines are seen superposed on a rainbow-tinted background,—all the other observations made during the late eclipse sink into relative insignificance. Let us briefly consider what conclusions may be deduced from the observed facts, premising that the doubts which have been so long allowed to rest on the statements made by the American observers in

1869, ought not to prevent us from assigning to them the full credit of attaining to the discovery of these bright lines.

In the first place, the rainbow-tinted spectrum implies that a portion of the coronal light comes from incandescent solid or liquid matter. It is barely possible, of course, that there are in reality dark lines across this rainbow-tinted streak, but that these lines remain undetected owing to the extreme faintness of the spectrum itself across which they lie. If we adopted this view we might assume that the corona shone in part at least, by reflecting the sun's light. As far as the evidence goes, however, we have the theory presented as, on the whole, more probable, that the matter of which the corona consists is, in large part, incandescent through intensity of heat. It is difficult to suppose that such skilful observers as have studied the coronal spectrum would have failed to detect dark lines, had any existed. On the other hand, we have *à priori* reasons for believing that the matter of the corona, or at least of that part which has been analysed with the spectroscope, must be intensely heated. A portion of the corona which appears to lie but eight minutes from the sun's edge, must lie in reality so close to his orb that the sun, instead of appearing as a disc but about half a degree in width, would seem nearly ninety degrees wide, and the amount of heat received from him would be many thousand times greater than that received on the hottest day of a tropical summer. We can form an opinion of the effect of such heat as this, in the same way that Sir John Herschel estimated the heat received by the great comet of 1843, when nearest to the sun. "To form some practical idea of this," he writes, "we may compare it with what is recorded of Parker's great lens, whose diameter was  $32\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and focal length 6 feet 8 inches. The effect of this, supposing all the light and heat transmitted, and the focal concentration perfect (both conditions being very imperfectly satisfied), would be to enlarge the sun's effective angular diameter to about  $28\frac{1}{2}$  degrees." This, he shows, would give a heat 1,915 times greater than that received by the earth, "and when increased seven-fold, as was usually the case, would give 13,400 times" the heat received by the earth. The heat received by the matter of the corona would be fully twice as great as this; "yet," says Sir John, "the lens, so used, melted cornelian, agate, and rock crystal."

And here a somewhat curious subject presents itself for consideration—a subject which has not hitherto, so far as we know, been very carefully attended to. It may seem that material so diffused and tenuous as that of the corona would be altogether invisible, however intensely heated and illuminated. For, beyond question, the actual quantity of matter in the corona must be indefinitely small by comparison with the space which this object fills. It may be doubted, indeed, whether all the matter in a portion of the corona as large as our earth might not be outweighed by half-a-dozen peppercorns.

But so far as the visibility of the corona is concerned, the extremely fine division to which its material substance is almost certainly subject,

would tend to compensate for the quantitative minuteness of that material. A very simple illustration will explain our meaning. This earth of ours reflects a certain amount of sunlight towards the inner planets, Venus and Mercury. Now suppose the earth were divided into eight equal parts, and each fashioned into a globe. The eight globes would each have a diameter half the earth's present diameter, and each would reflect one-fourth of the light which the earth now reflects. The eight then would reflect altogether twice as much light as the earth actually reflects; and yet their combined bulk would only equal hers. If each of these eight globes were divided into eight others, four times as much light would be reflected as the earth now reflects. And if the division were continued until the several globes were reduced to mere grains, and these grains were well spread out, the quantity of sunlight which the cloud of grains would intercept and reflect towards the interior planets would exceed many millionfold that which the earth actually reflects. In like manner, an incandescent globe, if divided into myriads of minute incandescent globes, would supply much more light than in its original condition.

So in the case of the coronal matter. Assuming it to consist of myriads of indefinitely minute particles, very widely dispersed, it would be capable of emitting and reflecting a quantity of light altogether disproportioned to its actual weight regarding it as a whole.

But when we consider the spectrum of bright lines given by the corona, the case no longer remains altogether so simple. One cannot very readily accept the opinion of Professor Harkness, that this portion of the coronal light comes from iron existing in the state of vapour; for, although it is exceedingly probable that iron forms one of the chief constituents of the coronal substance, yet, in the first place, we have no reason for believing that a degree of heat intense enough to vaporize iron would exist where we see the corona; and, in the second, other elements must also be present in the coronal substance, and they also would be vaporized, whereas we find none of the lines due to other known elements.

The idea suggested by Professor Young and others seems more likely to be the correct explanation of the matter. For *bizarre* and fanciful as the idea may seem that the corona is a perpetual solar aurora, it must not be forgotten that General Sabine and Dr. Stewart propounded, some years since, in explanation of known terrestrial phenomena, the theory that the coloured prominences are solar auroras. This idea has been shown, indeed, to be erroneous, but the reasoning on which it was based was sufficiently sound, and the observed facts would be equally well explained by supposing the corona, instead of the prominences, to form a perpetual solar aurora.

When we remember that the zodiacal light—a phenomenon which holds a position midway between the terrestrial aurora and the solar corona—has been shown to give a spectrum closely resembling both the auroral and the coronal spectra, the idea does certainly seem encouraged that all three phenomena are intimately associated. We might thus not



unreasonably regard the zodiacal light as the outer and very much fainter part of the corona, the two together forming a perpetual solar aurora; and in this way we should begin to see the means of explaining the remarkable but undoubted fact that the displays of our terrestrial auroras are associated in a most intimate manner with the condition of the solar surface. For we should be led to regard the recurrence of our auroras as a manifestation of the same sort of solar action which is more constantly at work amidst the materials constituting the corona and the zodiacal light.

This view leaves unexplained the bright lines of the coronal spectrum. But as we have every reason for regarding the auroral light as an electrical phenomenon, and the bright lines in the auroral spectrum as, therefore, not due to the presence of vast quantities of glowing vapour, we may extend the same interpretation to the coronal spectrum. In laboratory experiments, when the electric spark passes between two iron points, its spectrum shows the lines belonging to vaporized iron, and yet the quantity of iron vaporized by the spark is almost infinitesimally minute. And similarly, if we regard the corona as an electrical phenomenon, we get over the difficulty which opposes itself to Professor Harkness' theory, that a large proportion of the corona consists of the luminous vapour of iron.

The general result would seem confirmatory of these views, according to which the real origin of the coronal light is to be sought in the millions of meteor-systems which undoubtedly circle round the sun, many of them passing (when in perihelion) very close to his globe. These meteor-systems have been shown to be associated with comets, though, as yet, the exact nature of the association is little understood. From what we have learned respecting them, we should expect the sun during eclipse to be surrounded as with a crown or glory of light, due to the illumination of the mixed cometic and meteoric matter. We should also, for like reason, expect to find a faint glow along that very region of the heavens where the zodiacal light is seen. When we add to these considerations, the circumstance that all other theories of the corona and zodiacal light appear to be disposed of by the evidence at present in our hands, it would certainly seem that we have fair reason for regarding the interpretation here set forth as at least, in the main, the true one. Many details may yet remain to be considered; many peculiarities, both of the corona and of meteoric systems, may remain to be ascertained: and, fortunately, the means are not wanting for fruitful research into both subjects. But this general view seems demonstrated, that the facts recently ascertained by astronomers respecting meteoric systems on the one hand, and the corona on the other, are closely related together. It is highly probable, also, that the association between the two orders of facts will become more and more clearly apparent with the further progress of observation and of that careful analysis of observation which alone educes its true value.

## Spain, and her Revolution.

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THE venerable Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* observes somewhere, that, as we look curiously at the sun during an eclipse, though indifferent to him at ordinary times, so we follow with interest a great man in his periods of struggle and adversity. What is true of men in this saying is also true of nations; and of no nation so true as of Spain, which has probably been more closely watched during the last two years than during the whole interval between the civil war which placed Isabella on the throne, and the revolution which drove her from it for ever. Indeed, we doubt if there is any country between the interest of whose associations and the interest of its political condition the European world draws such a line of distinction. Italy is certainly not inferior to Spain in the charm which belongs to memories and relics of the past; but Italy has always had keen admirers of, and sympathizers with, her modern political movements: while not one Englishman in a hundred knows against whom Riego rose, or how the principles of Narvaez differed from those of O'Donnell. Among the other misfortunes of the Peninsula must be counted the vulgar impression that its only business is to be picturesque, to be a land of Moorish palaces and Gothic cathedrals, aqueducts with broken arches, and lonely crosses marking the spot of deeds of blood; a land of orange-trees, fountains, and guitars, strings of mules and processions of priests, hidalgos of stately manners, and dark-eyed women, covering with mantillas their long black masses of hair. We believe that a cockney tourist is seriously annoyed when he finds a Spanish lady dressed like his own sister, or when a Spanish gentleman asks him in very fair English a variety of sensible questions about the use of *esparto* in the paper-manufacture, and the effect of Mr. Gladstone's bill upon land-tenure in Ireland. Yet the real spirit at work beneath all these Spanish revolutions, including the last and greatest, and in spite of the element of military and factious intrigue which plays so great a part in them, is a vague discontent with that old life, of which only "picturesque" rags are left, and a keen longing to take a worthy share in the new work of Europe, which we must all *do*, whether we like it or not. Spain, in fact, though not very willing to say so openly, is ashamed of her backwardness, and sick of her comparative isolation. Her best men desire that the Pyrenees shall exist no longer, though in a very different sense from that of the famous saying of Louis. They wish to share in the civilized prosperity and practical command of nature of other nations, and would be content even if their country lost some of its "romantic" charms in the process, if its Don Quixotes were put under friendly

restraint, and its Murillo's "Beggar Boys" were sent to a ragged-school. Besides, when all is said and done, what is the worth of the kind of "picturesqueness" that co-exists with decadence, laziness, and corruption? The liberal and beautiful arts themselves, by which the feeling of romance is kept alive, flourish with the activity and decline with the decay of the other powers of a nation. Spain has sunk low; but she has not sunk so low as to be content to be a mere "model," to make a career of sitting for her portrait to ingenious gentlemen from countries where painting prospers with the general prosperity of the rest of the national life.

Whether Spain is really to revive, as the best Spaniards hope, by a genial contact with other nations, is surely a question of much interest to Europe, and one which can only be forwarded, if affected at all, by a frank unprejudiced criticism of her actual condition. The isolation of the country just referred to is no new fact in her history, but, on the contrary, one of the most ancient as well as significant of all facts about her. She was late in entering into the European system, either the ancient or the modern; and she has always become powerful or prominent less by her own impulse than by the effect of an impulse from some other nation without. Homer knew nothing of Spain, and Herodotus only very little, through the Phœnician traders, who first annexed her to civilization, from that African side of the Mediterranean which has had such an influence over her character and fortunes. The Phœnicians—colonists as well as traders—found, in the Iberians, a numerous and distinct race, the affinities of which to the other races of Europe cannot be shown, but who certainly had many and strong points of likeness to the Spaniards of the present day. Here we have the first cause of the strongly-marked individuality of the Spaniard—a distinctness of race separating him from the other families of Europe, whose cousinship, in one degree or another, can be satisfactorily proved. We know the Celt, and can recognize in him, with Prichard, the man of Indo-European relationship—with Michelet, the ancestor of the modern Frenchman. We know the German, and his English kindred, and their unmistakable family likeness to the Germans of Tacitus. But who was the Iberian—he who began, as Polybius tells us, at the Pyrenees? He was not a Celt, though in a certain portion of Spain he had coalesced with him, under a name—Celtiberian—assumed expressly to mark the union of two separate stocks. He was quite distinct from the Phœnician, who had, however, settlements of some extent in what is now Andalusia. He had nothing in common with the Greek, who had planted himself on a point or two of the eastern coast, after, and in imitation of, the celebrated foundation of Marseilles. It is said that the Iberian inscriptions are to be explained by the Basque language; but philologists are not agreed about the Basque itself, to which some assign a Tartar origin. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, the only man, in Niebuhr's opinion, "who could throw any light upon the subject," held that the Basque was once universally spoken throughout Spain, and its

difficulty and obscurity are additional proofs of the separate individuality of the Iberian type.

The Greek and Latin writers may be searched in vain for any satisfactory account of the origin or immigration of the Iberians. But we may gather from those writers many instructive details as to the national character and habits. They were divided into numerous tribes, which could seldom be got to unite together, even against foreigners, whom they all agreed in hating. They were hardy, fierce, frugal, and furiously brave, especially under excitement, and when defending their towns; but not good in the open field, and in regular war, unless when led by quite exceptional generals. They had passionate confidence in individual chiefs, and were naturally fond of party and faction, with a constant tendency to waver, either from temper or from interest. They were greedy for money, and apt to sell their trust; coarsely cruel in their light estimate of human life, and prone to assassination. The betrayal of hostages, the surrender of towns, the desertion of allies, the murder of men like Hasdrubal, Viriathus, Sertorius,—these are all *characteristic* traits of Iberian history. There was a certain hardness and ferocity about the *durus Iber*,—the *truces Iberi*,—which seems to have impressed itself as the predominant feature of the race, on the classical mind. When Cato the Censor disarmed the tribes near the Ebro, many of them killed themselves rather than survive the loss of their weapons. At the siege of Numantia, they ate each other when provisions ran short, and slaughtered each other when surrender became inevitable. Long after the Romans had occupied nearly the whole Peninsula, when the south of France was as civilized as Italy, and Marseilles had its schools of philosophy and rhetoric, the mass of the Iberians were evidently in a barbarous state. Catullus's account of the queer Celtiberian substitute for tooth-powder (*Carm.* 37, 38) might appear a joke, if it did not receive confirmation from Strabo (*Geog.* 3, 4). But, however important as a military station, and a field of action in the civil wars, Spain seems hardly to have been adopted into the classical life of Italy during the most brilliant period. Horace couples Ilerda (the modern Lerida), one of the towns nearest the Pyrenees, with Utica, as among the last places his book is likely to reach, after being worn out or abandoned to the moths in the capital. To Juvenal, Spain is *horrida Hispania*. The Roman civilization was spreading itself, all this time, of course; new cities were being founded; noble roads made, and aqueducts built. But, except on the Mediterranean coast, civilization came slowly, and late. Nor has Spain ever been a storehouse of good classical art, or valuable ancient MSS., considering how conveniently she lies towards Italy, and how early and extensive was her Mediterranean commerce. Her importance in ancient history is political and military, and due to her geographical position rather than to the gifts or qualities of her indigenous inhabitants. We do not forget her wits of the Empire, such as the pungent Martial, who has devoted some charming verses to his birth-place, and the neighbouring regions—the modern Arragon and Catalonia. But

nobody, we fancy, supposes that Martial was an Iberian, any more than Terence was an Æthiopian. The Roman legions became denizens of the Peninsula, and diffused over it plenty of Roman and Italian blood, while gradually preparing it, also, for that form of Latin speech which in after ages found its highest expression in the dialect of Castile.

The Phœnicians and Romans may be said to have, between them, created Spain. The Phœnicians developed the wealth of the wonderful southern regions, which Strabo considered the richest part of the habitable world. Land and sea were alike lavish of the necessities and luxuries of life. Wine, grain, oil, wax, honey, pitch, cocculus, minium, were exported in great quantities from the banks of the Bætis and the harbour of Cadiz—with oysters, and shell-fish, and lampreys, and the *murex* famous for its purple dye: all of which were poured in great quantities into the markets of Syria, and, later, of Rome. Gold and silver, brass and iron, came from the same favoured shores. For a time it seemed that Spain would be African rather than European; and one of the greatest men of antiquity—Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal—formed a profound scheme for uniting her to the chief of all the Phœnician colonies, by enlisting her sons under the banner of Carthage, and building upon the most venerable commerce what might be the most formidable polity of the Mediterranean. Spain, according to this project, was, as Polybius shows, to have been made a means not only of securing Carthage, but of attacking Rome. The disasters of the first Punic War were to be avenged, and the loss of Sicily and Sardinia more than compensated. The genius and the designs of Hamilcar descended to his son Hannibal, and the second Punic War was their natural result. But the second Punic War had precisely the opposite effect to that intended by the great man who meditated it and the great man who executed it. The Carthaginian power in the Peninsula was destroyed, although—what is well worth noting—the Iberians seem to have taken quite as kindly to the Carthaginians as to the Romans. And in the two centuries which elapsed between the victories of the Scipios and the victories of Augustus, Rome gradually established her authority from the Pyrenees to the sea. The towns which she founded, or re-founded, in different parts of the country—the modern Badajoz, Merida, Zaragoza, Pampeluna, for example—became centres of *Romanization*, that is, of civilization. Roman colonies were planted thickly over the land. Brigandage, which the Iberian always much affected, was checked. In the wilder parts, the people might still eat bread made from acorns, and sleep upon the ground on straw. But with order and good roads, came traffic and tranquillity. Iberia was never Italy, but neither was it the Iberia of the Scipios. The Gothic conquerors found it so essentially modified by Roman institutions and Roman teaching, that their great bishops, the men of the councils of Toledo, rose superior in legislative wisdom to the men who elsewhere dictated the policy of the barbarians, and prepared the bases of the new European civilization.

“Open the Law of the Visigoths,” says M. Guizot: “it is not a bar-

barous law; evidently it is redacted by the philosophers of the time, by the clergy. It abounds in general ideas, in theories, and in theories plainly foreign to barbarous manners. . . . The Visigothic law bears throughout a learned, systematic, social character. One sees there the work of the same clergy which prevailed in the councils of Toledo, and so powerfully influenced the government of the country. In Spain, and up to the great invasion of the Arabs, it was the theocratic principle which tried to restore civilization."

This "theocratic principle" singled out by M. Guizot as the governing fact in the formation of modern, as distinct from classical Spain, has assumed strange shapes and led to curious issues in that country. Little is known of the old religion of the Iberians, though we are told by Strabo (lib. 3, 4) that the central and northern tribes used to worship a certain nameless god by dancing in his honour with their families at night, at the time of full moon. But, great as were the services of the Toledan clergy, it was unfortunate for the Iberians that their first powerful Christianity came to them invested with a highly controversial character, and was then burnt into them as a warlike feeling by their subjugation at the hands of a race whose own religion was a part of its national essence. The Romans had not made the Iberian a philosopher, but the Goths and the Arabs easily made him a fanatic; and ages after bishops of the Toledan type had been succeeded by a very different breed, a fanatic he remained. Fierce and factious, he readily ranged himself under the Catholic or the Arian banner; fierce, factious, and tenacious of locality, he readily hated the Moor. "The Moors," observes Gibbon, in his stately way, "may exult in the easy conquest and long servitude of Spain." There is, indeed, something puzzling both in the rapidity and the duration of that conquest. The Moors were not finally driven out for seven hundred years,—a period longer than that covered by the whole independent historical existence of the Greek States,—and longer than it took the Romans to expand from masters of a single city into masters of the entire known world.

It was well suggested by the late Archdeacon Williams, in his excellent *Life of Caesar*, that the Moor found in Andalusia,—the last quarter from which he was driven,—a large Phœnician element, the legacy of ancient days, which was akin to him, and which he assimilated with comparative ease. But he spread himself everywhere, till the cold and the hills stopped him in the north-west; till he was defeated in the plains of France; till he was established at the foot of the Pyrenees, in Arragon and Catalonia. Had the Moor only had the Iberians to deal with, he would probably have got on as well with them as the Carthaginians had with their ancestors: Spain might have become a regular Oriental country in name and form. But just as the Romans had kept it in Europe, so now the Germanic races, in one branch and another, performed the same office. The Goths in the northern, the Franks in the eastern provinces, headed the resistance, and, step by step, city by city, from one range of hills to



another range of hills, from one river-line to another river-line, beat the invader back towards the Mediterranean Sea.

This great struggle of centuries had, as everybody knows, the profoundest effect upon the formation of the modern Spanish character. But what is not so often remembered is, that although the struggle was in one sense a national one, it was by no means a struggle equally hard and equally long for all parts of Spain. The eastern provinces, thanks to Frank and Norman leadership and aid, got finally quit of the Moor pretty early. Thus, he had to yield Barcelona in A.D. 985, and Saragossa in A.D. 1118; whereas Seville was not recovered till A.D. 1248, and Granada not till A.D. 1492. This left Arragon and Catalonia,—united, politically, under the Counts of Barcelona in the twelfth century, to which kingdom the great James I. of Arragon, the *Conquistador*, added the Balearic Islands and Valencia in the thirteenth,—free to develop their institutions and commerce by land and sea in their own way; while Castile and Leon, in the centre, north and west, gradually carried on the war from border to border with the enemy. There is a great deal of provoking nonsense written and talked in Spain, now-a-days, about the “Latin race,” as if the Romanized Iberians had ever been more “Latin” than the inhabitants of Verulamium or Eboracum among ourselves. Everything we know of the mediæval governing Spaniard,—the ancestor of the typical *hidalgo*, shows him to have borne a Gothic character, and to have been more like the man of the north than like the man of the south of Europe. Not without reason does *ser Godo* mean in Spanish to be of *nobleza antigua*. The old independence of the Arragonese *rico-hombre*, proud of the *fueros*, or rights of his province, and devoted to its independence,—a feeling anciently common to all the Spanish provinces,—is quite like that of the Saxon, the Norman, or the Dane. It was territorial and feudal, rather than urban and municipal, like the contemporary sentiment of Italy. It was, also, essentially aristocratic, though in Catalonia this was modified by the commercial character of the capital—the “countly” city (*ciudad condal*) of Barcelona, which, though the seat of a court, was governed by a *bourgeoisie*. The *Cortes* of Castile and of Arragon, and the *Corts* of Cataluña, may fairly be admitted to have had the essential elements of an English parliament, before our House of Commons assumed its characteristic shape. And the prosperity and eminence of Arragon in the Mediterranean during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were largely due to their well-mixed, well-regulated freedom of the good old type. Nevertheless, it was Castile, uniting with Leon, and pressing ever forward on the Moor, that was destined to become the sovereign and representative element in Spain, and here the results of the long Moorish war are most clearly visible. A war, endless, and most complicated, of Spanish Christian against Mahometan Moor,—varied with wars in which Christians were against Christians, and Moors against Moors,—and sometimes Christians with Moors against Moors, and even Moors with Christians against Christians,—such a war, waged in

incessant raids, forays, and sieges full of personal adventure, had a character of its own different from the simpler ones of other nations. It suited the fundamental Iberian character of the mass of the people admirably, for it was quite like the old *guerrilla* fighting which they had gone through, ages before, with the Carthaginian and with the Roman. And it developed in the nobility the chivalrous and romantically loyal sentiments that they had in common with their distant cousins of England and France, to a pitch of extravagance, which became, itself, a mark of Spanish individuality, and culminated, at last—on the bright side, in the delightful humour of *Don Quijote* and the stately politeness of Spanish gentlemen;—on the dark side, in the early-established despotism of the Hapsburgs, the Inquisition, and the Church. Heroes like the Cid, and kings like the Ferdinands, became the model heroes and kings of the country, and the relation of one to the other the model of such relations. Charminglly does the old ballad set forth the feeling of vassal for king, and of king for vassal, when it tells us how five tributary Moorish chiefs brought splendid gifts to the Cid,—how the Cid said that there must be some error, for that he was no lord where King Ferdinand was, but only his humblest vassal; and then, how the King, in his turn, assured them that the Cid had conquered for him all he possessed, and how glad he was to have such a vassal!

El Cid les dijera :—Amigos,  
El mensaje habeis errado,  
Porque yo no soy señor  
Adonde está el Rey Fernando :  
Todo es suyo, nada es mio,  
Yo soy su menor vasallo—

and so forth, as we find it in the old *Romancero*. So completely did this ancient way of thinking and feeling—a mixture of military, aristocratic, and monarchical sentiment,—pass into the Spanish mind, that to this day, whenever Spaniards desire to glorify themselves (which they pretty often do,) in their speeches, or newspaper articles, they invariably glorify themselves for qualities of the chivalrous and romantic type. It is the *hidalguia*, the *caballerosidad*, of the Spanish nation that they brag about; while the more prosaic virtues of common honesty, industry, punctuality and cleanliness attract but little laudation. This is one evil result of the strife with the Moors; but it had many other evil results. The bigotry and sabre-worship which it fostered, led naturally to the supremacy of the priest and the soldier. The sexual arrangements of the Moors influenced the Christian marriage institution in such a way that the pedigrees of the Spanish nobles were very doubtful, as St. Simon found. Commerce, and all kinds of useful activity, which, by making nations rich and intelligent, help their civilization, came to be secondary objects in the public esteem. Hence, Spain has never attained in civilized times a distinction like that which hovers round the associations of her barbarous times. No great nation did so little for the revival of learning, or has done so little

for learning of any kind since. She had her martyrs during the Reformation, but she chiefly shone in making martyrs of other peoples, which the accidents of politics brought under her sway; and the institution of Jesuitism is her most original contribution to the history of modern religion. The old Iberian cruelty was one of the qualities which the Moorish war had a tendency to keep up; and both in the Old World and the New, it was exhibited on a scale unapproached in the history of any other modern nation. This indelible Iberian and Oriental quality has been shown by Spain, in all parts of the world, and all periods of her history; in the sport of the bull-ring, and the gravity of the *auto-da-fé*; amongst the Indians of Mexico, and the Protestants of the Low Countries; down even to the other day, when a handful of half-starved peasants, suspected of Carlism, were shot, without any form of trial, at Montalegre in Catalonia.

The conquest of Granada was the result of the union of the crowns of Arragon and Castile in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it had been prepared for by the long-continued *dis*-union of the Moors, whose hands had been against each other, after the primitive Arab fashion, for centuries. Their subjugation, and the expulsion, later, of their race from Spain altogether, were events now seen and acknowledged to have been disastrous. Andalusia has never recovered the loss of their industry and ingenuity. The comparative prosperity of Valencia is due to their system of irrigation, and to the traditional rules for settling local disputes there, which have come down from them, and which put to shame the clumsy, tardy, and corrupt administration of Spanish law proper. Many a tourist, English and American, enters Spain full of vague admiration for the Christian champions, and goes away breathing a sigh of sympathetic regret over the memory of the Infidels of the Crescent. Once mistress of herself, and having had the Indies thrown open to her by the illustrious Genoese, whom the *Reyes Catolicos* had the wit to employ, but not the generosity to reward, a period of great brilliance opened to Spain, the true conditions of which are little understood by modern Spaniards. Up to this time—the latter part of the fifteenth century—Spain had “figured little in Europe,” as Lord Bolingbroke points out in his letters on the *Study of History*. She now began to be great, but in reality what is called *her* greatness was really a part of the greatness of the Empire of the House of Austria. It was the marriage of Crazy Jane (*Juana la Loca*) with Philip the Handsome, father of Charles the Fifth, which brought Spain into prominence in the European system, and made her a partner in the prosperity of Southern Germany, Milan, and the Netherlands. The Spaniards of our days, always needy and craving for money, always hankering after a Past which yet is only critically studied by foreigners, look back to nothing so fondly as to the old *wealth* of Spain. But this admits of being brought to a ready test, and we are indebted to Mr. Motley for an excellent application of such a test. “Of five millions of

gold annually," he tells us, "which he" (the Emperor Charles the Fifth) "derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces (the Netherlands), while but a half million came from Spain, and another half from the Indies. The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket, contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru." This observation, drawn from reports extant among the MSS. in the Belgian archives, might be of use to Spain, where nothing is in such bad odour as political economy, or so thoroughly backward as all that relates to practical business and industrial enterprise. Not one Spaniard in a million can, even now, be made to understand that the industry of the Netherlands was a more valuable possession to those countries than the mines of the Indies and America to Spain. Like their ancestors, Spaniards crave for gold and silver, which they confound with wealth; and neglect the habits and conditions by which wealth is obtained. Adam Smith explains very clearly that gold was the only object of their voyages to the Indies; that the very redundancy of it, due to Mexico and Peru, discouraged both their agriculture and manufactures; and that in spite of their mines, Spain and its neighbour Portugal were the "two most beggarly nations in Europe."

There is great truth, accordingly, in the epithet given to the Spain of those showy days by Mr. Ford,—the epithet of a "clay-footed Colossus." Her imposing attitude—not unlike that of the individual Spaniard whose gravity and his cloak make him look a much greater being than he really is—lasted the whole of Charles's reign. But scarcely was she handed over, with the Sicilies, and (in an evil day) the Netherlands, to Philip the Second, than the tide began to turn. Philip was a dull Spanish bigot, thoroughly mediocre, whose policy, by making him a mere tool of the Papacy, raised the growing Protestant powers of Europe against him; while at home he did nothing to found good political institutions, or to develop the resources of his country. Spain had the elements of such institutions in her Cortes, which, as early as in the first part of the thirteenth century, had united nobles, clergy, and commons in the enjoyment of secured rights and combined political action. And the Cortes did make an effort, of which an interesting account may be found in Mr. Prescott's work on Philip, to maintain their position—a position very difficult to define, from the diversity of their character in the different provinces, and the fluctuations of power in them, in Castile, as elsewhere. But the despotic and centralizing tendency was too strong; and just as the upstart city of Madrid now took the lead over the old capital cities, so their new dynasty made itself superior to the old feudal checks, out of the mixture of which with the monarchical power, all really healthy constitutions have sprung. The Hapsburgs brought to Spain a great temporary splendour of position, though with the result of fostering, thereby, some

of the worst weaknesses of the Spanish character. But they, also, overpowered by the imperialism of their rule the local elements from which freedom and good government might have come, and corrupted those elements into the bargain. For example, the celebrated Duc de St. Simon, who studied the subject with all his habitual shrewdness, subtlety, and love of such inquiries, has made it clear that the *grandeza*, or grandeeism, which became the characteristic note of aristocracy in Spain, took its rise under the rule of Charles the Fifth. Before that Emperor's time, the chief nobles of Spain were the *ricos-hombres*—the "great men," as we may call them, in English—who held their fiefs direct from the Crown. It seems probable that, among other incidents of their position, the right of being "covered" in the King's presence was one,—a right which prevailed in France for a long period, during the government of the House of Valois. What Charles did by making a class of *grandes* was to transform this incident of feudal ceremony into an institution which became the essence of Spanish aristocracy. The old *ricos-hombres*, especially of Arragon, had been men of singular independence, whose attitude towards the Crown erred on the side of rebelliousness rather than of servility. It was clever and politic to persuade their representatives to accept the right of wearing a hat, or (by female successions) an indefinite number of hats, in the royal presence, as a substitute for political power and lordly self-reliance. This was what the House of Hapsburg managed to do; and their institution of *grandeza*, or grandeeism (our "grantee" is evidently from the Spanish "grande") gradually made all the richest nobles of Spain mere satellites of the court and denizens of Madrid. There were old noble houses which did not attain *grandeza*, and to such houses belonged Cervantes, Calderon, Quevedo, and Velasquez. There were also titled houses (*titulados de Castilla*) created by the kings at their own good pleasure. But to be among the *grandes* became the mighty matter, and they were thus at once a body shining with light reflected from the Crown alone, and a caste, equal among themselves, whatever their differences in antiquity or illustration, but distinct from the rest of the nation, noble or simple. No device ever so completely perverted the primitive principles of feudal aristocracy as this, and no aristocracy has ever sunk so low as the body that was content to accept it.

Philip II.'s contribution to the development of grandeeism was characteristic. He introduced the public ceremony of the *cobrios*, or *couverture*, of which St. Simon has left such a curious description; and he provided that the *grandes* of his own manufacture should remain uncovered when they began to speak to him at the ceremony. Such a monarch was not likely to found a good political system at home, as we have said; and abroad he had to deal with races like the Dutch and English, whose nobles, while equal to those of Spain in antiquity, and superior in historical distinction, had a wholesome indifference to superiority in the matter of hats. He did his best to crush the Hollander by land and the Englishman

by sea, and he failed in both objects. When Drake returned from his famous voyage of circumnavigation in 1580, and the Spanish ambassador, Mendoza, pleaded the Bull of Alexander VI., of 1493, by which Spain was to have "all lands discovered and to be discovered, beyond a line drawn from pole to pole one hundred leagues west of the Azores," the answer of Queen Elizabeth was emphatic and to the point. She said that she did not understand how the Pope's grant could bind princes who owed him no obedience, or how it could, as it were, "enfeoff the Spaniard in that new world,—Hispanum Novo illo Orbe quasi *infeudaret*."—(Camden : *Ann.*) The Armada and the taking of Cadiz followed in their due course, and the greatness of Spain, whether as part of Austria or separated from it, was virtually broken up before it was a century old. Sully, sketching in his memoirs the grandiose project of Henry IV., which was cut short in 1610 by the dagger of Ravallac, and speculating on Spain's action in the matter, says that she was well known to be exhausted of money, and even of soldiers—everybody being aware, he adds, that "the best and most numerous soldiers she had were drawn from Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy, or were Germans, Swiss, and Walloons." Left to herself, she sank into a second-rate power as quickly as she had risen, when borne aloft upon the wings of the Imperial eagle. Holland established itself. Portugal, conquered by Philip II., was lost by his grandson. The American pretension had long vanished. Jamaica was taken by England in Cromwell's time. But though every generation saw some new disaster, in one matter the court of Madrid never faltered—its obstinate adherence to bigotry in the Church and despotism in the State. Mr. Buckle collected many amusing instances of the excess of king-worship and priest-worship in the unfortunate country, and of their effect in depressing all other interests. In the War of the Succession at the beginning of the last century, Spain was found, as Macaulay pungently declares, a worse country to have as an ally than as an enemy. The Roman civilization and the Gothic heroism had both disappeared, and any vigour or virtue left was among the peasantry, especially those faithful men of the Castiles, who stuck so loyally to Philip V. against the Archduke Charles. The success of Philip gave the finishing blow to whatever was left of the provincial public life in Arragon and Catalonia; and Spain lost the Two Sicilies, the Spanish Netherlands, Minorea, and Gibraltar. The Bourbon differed little from the Hapsburg despotism, chiefly by introducing French fashions into Madrid; and Spain (excepting during a slight reaction towards improvement, which did not last, under Charles III.) rotted slowly down to the condition in which the French Revolution found her. At first she went into the coalition against the French Republic, but she made her peace in 1795, and in 1796 was foolish enough to join with France against England, which did much damage to her commerce and her navy. An amusing illustration of the changeless nature of the Spanish type was supplied by this naval war. Just as in the Armada days Spain had sent ponderous galleys to invade



England, which the vessels of Howard, Seymour, Drake, and Frobisher played round and hammered out of shape, so now she had a four-decker afloat—the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 132 guns—a monster of the deep: “such a ship as I never saw before,” says Collingwood in his letters. “We were engaged an hour with this ship,” he adds, “and trimmed her well. She was a complete wreck.” Another antique taste was exhibited by this same Spanish fleet, as we learn from the same high authority. They always carried their patron saint to sea with them; so, in the battle of St. Vincent here referred to, St. Isidro fell into Collingwood’s possession. “I have given St. Isidro a berth in my cabin,” wrote, with quiet humour, Collingwood. “It was the least I could for him, after he had consigned his charge to me!” The wretched Spanish court of Charles IV., his queen, and Godoy—a court, the moral character of which has been reproduced in its ill-starred land since, and more than once—persisted in the war, and St. Vincent was naturally followed by Trafalgar. But in 1808 it went the way of other dupes of Napoleon, and Spain suddenly found England ranged with her, when her brave and naturally loyal peasantry girded up their hardy but ill-clad loins to drive out the invading *Gavacho*—the ever-hated neighbour and enemy of France.

Let us hope that it is their ignorance, as the worst educated and most isolated people of Europe, which makes the Spaniards of the present generation appear profoundly ungrateful to England, and her Wellington, for the services rendered to Spain between 1808 and 1814. That they talk and write ungratefully, whether from ignorance or not, is a fact of which every Englishman living amongst them is well aware. We have seen a little Spanish book, purporting to give the events of this century in chronological order, in which the Duke’s landing in the Peninsula was not even mentioned. Nay, in the Cortes, the other day, a popular rhetorician, haranguing on his country’s glories, boldly stated that what Wellington had done was to pursue and destroy armies already routed! Nobody in the Cortes contradicted the lie, nor did we remark that anybody in the Madrid press rebuked the liar. It may be that this want of veracity—too general, alas! in Spain—results from the demoralisation produced by centuries of ecclesiastical fraud and political corruption. But, however that may be, our object in referring to the Duke’s noble victories, without which Spain would have remained (as the eastern parts of her, where he was not engaged, *did* remain) under the yoke of France till the general peace—our object, we say, is not to exult in those victories, but to avail ourselves of the knowledge of Spain acquired by the Duke in the course of his Peninsular campaigns, and revealed to the world in his *Despatches*. The Duke of Wellington was much more than a good soldier. He was a reflecting, and even, in his way, a reading man. He learned Spanish, and employed his incomparable common sense—which was his supreme intellectual gift—upon many different kinds of Spanish affairs. It

is instructive, then, to see to what Crown and Church, and an aristocracy of hats, had brought a people, the raw material of which had so often been turned to good account by the Roman and the Goth. The natural capability of individual Spaniards the Duke is always ready to admit; but the Government of the nation, civil and military, its organization for any business, whether civil or military—these he found—not to mince matters—contemptibly degenerate. He soon began to suffer from it. His first great victory in Spain was at Talavera, in July, 1809. Three days after, we have him complaining to Mr. Frere, the British Minister at Madrid, that "Our half-starved army, although they have been engaged for two days, and have defeated twice their numbers, in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. . . . There are nearly 4,000 wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want, common assistance, and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies. . . . I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighbourhood."—(*Talavera de la Reyna*, 31 July, 1809.) Mr. Frere was just afterwards succeeded by the writer's brother, the Marquess Wellesley, and on him it devolved to stir up the wretched Junta to activity. "The army will be useless in Spain, and will be entirely lost, if this treatment is to continue," the Marquess learns. "It is to be attributed to the poverty and exhausted state of the country; to the inactivity of the magistrates and people; to their disinclination to take any trouble, except that of packing up their property and running away when they hear of the approach of a French patrol; and to their habits of insubordination and disobedience of, and to the want of power in, the government and their officers."—(*Deleytosa*, 8th August, 1809.) The conduct complained of forced Wellington to retire to Badajoz, and then to Portugal; and he was further annoyed that autumn by the Spanish General Cuesta's imprudence in risking a pitched battle with the French at Ocaña, where he was beaten by an army of half his strength. "They go to the plains to be beaten, and thus cow the troops who would otherwise defend themselves in the mountains."—(*Badajoz*, 19th Dec., 1809.) "Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army," had been his declaration some months before; "and it is extraordinary that, when a nation has devoted itself to war as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made. They are really children in the art of war, and I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away and assembling again in a state of nature."—(*Merida*, 25th August, 1809.) Such was the uniform tone of the Duke during those glorious but most trying years, in which, in spite of French enemies and Spanish allies, he carried the British flag triumphantly from the lines of Torres Vedras to Ciudad Rodrigo, from Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca, and so on, through Vittoria to San Sebastian and the Pyrenees. The share of Spain in the war, as far as it was successful or important, was of the old Iberian

pattern—a pattern which immediately reappears in the Peninsula when the influence of any conquering power has waned. That is to say, Spain's real contribution was made by her gallant *guerrilleros*, particularly those of Arragon and Navarre. They had a dash of the brigand about them, and went to work *ληστρικῶς*, “bandit-fashion,” as Strabo says. But they were stout fellows, loving their country's freedom and their own, and any cruelties they practised had been most righteously provoked by the murdering, plundering, ravishing, faithless, and godless hosts of Gaul.

During this period, the modern political history of Spain had begun by the assembling of the Cortes of Cadiz, and their adoption of a constitution; which Cortes and Constitution have been the ancestors of a numerous progeny, all bearing a family likeness, down to those created by the Revolution of 1868. It was all very well for the English army to drive French troops out of Spain, but it could not drive out French ideas; and the very Spaniards who raged against the troops were the men who carried out the ideas. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that modern France has *gallicized* the Peninsula, very much as ancient Rome *romanized* it. The Cortes of Cadiz soon showed a Republican and Democratic tendency, and were even more eager to destroy the Inquisition than to destroy the invaders. They talked endlessly, of course; and there grew up under their shadow, at Cadiz, what has since accompanied every other revolution in Spain, a licentious and even blackguard press. The machine of government that they devised was an absurd one—they had a legislative assembly, which chose the executive: a regency; but the regency was quite separate from the other body: they were jealous of each other, and a dead-lock was the result. In a country of which the chief property was in land, they made no provision for the representation of the landed interest. It was, in short, a paper constitution of the regular revolutionary type that the Cortes of Cadiz set up; but its influence has been felt in all subsequent revolutions and constitutions of the distracted land. To understand contemporary Spain and its convulsions, the reader must think of it as the scene of perpetual oscillations between old traditions of Popish bigotry, local and provincial divisions, Spanish pride, habits, and economic and industrial backwardness and barbarism, on the one hand; and, on the other, centralizing, administrative, and speculative efforts, after the example of revolutionized France.

The restoration of Ferdinand VII. in 1814 was the signal for a general reaction. The Cortes of Cadiz and their Constitution were swept away like rubbish, amidst general applause; the priests flourished once more; and the insurrections of 1820-23, for the re-establishment of the Constitution, which were followed by the easy successes of the Duke of Angoulême, only served to confirm the power of the brutal and cynical despot. He died in 1833, leaving to his country a civil war by way of legacy. But that civil war was the real beginning of the ruin of his

dynasty. For the cause of his daughter Isabella came to be identified with Liberalism during the contest, and her triumph over legitimacy, in the person of Don Carlos, virtually involved the triumph of Liberalism likewise. No doubt, there were reactionary ministries afterwards, and new revolutions and constitutions to counteract them; but every revolution and constitution has been more democratic than its predecessor, and at last, the dynasty, supposed to represent the very principle of Constitutional Liberalism in itself, has been swept away. The Civil War of 1833-1840, though technically a War of Succession, produced like that of 1701-1713, by a royal testament, or testamentary decree, was in historical fact a renewal of the revolutionary movement contemporaneous with the War of Independence of 1808-1814. And it has determined both the character and the course of Spanish politics ever since.

Thus, the knowledge on the part of the populace that the Carlist cause was the cause of priests and monks, predisposed them to believe the worst of all religious bodies, and led to the murders and destruction of 1834 and 1835. People sometimes wonder that Spain should remain quiet while other nations are agitated; though so exceedingly turbulent in her own good time. The explanation is simple. Spain is a belated country in the revolutionary department as in all other departments. She had her '93 in '34-5, and postponed her '48 till '68. In '34 the cholera was raging. The *populacho* of Madrid took it into their heads that the monks and Jesuits were not merely wicked politicians, but had poisoned the public fountains. They broke out in July of that year, and attacked the Jesuit college, and the religious houses, butchering all they could lay their hands on. The Government of Queen Christina, the Regent, took the alarm, and set about suppressing the unpopular foundations in a legal way. In 1835, the Jesuits, who had got back since their expulsion by Charles III. in 1767, were expelled once more; and a decree of July 25th abolished nine-hundred *conventos*. But the rabble thought this a tame way of doing work, and in Saragossa, Reuss, and Barcelona, they brought the knife and the torch into play. Many a Capuchin, Carmelite, and Franciscan perished that summer, or escaped by the sewers or the roof from yelling ruffians eager for his blood. Many a Gothic cloister of ancient and reverent beauty was turned into a litter of smoking stones; and many a library had its stately ecclesiastical folios and vellum-clad classics flung into the streets. Then among the vine-clad slopes of Catalonia, the vast pile of the Monastery of Poblet, the burying-place of the Kings of Arragon, saw its last day, and the bones of the good King James the Conqueror, "who loved the people well," were disturbed after a repose of more than five centuries. The scenes of the Paris of the last age were closely reproduced in that and the succeeding years. A handful of revolutionary soldiers, headed by a sergeant, burst in upon Christina in the summer-palace of La Granja in August, '36, and compelled her to proclaim the democratical Cadiz Constitution of 1812—that "foolish

Constitution," which the Duke of Wellington said the Cortes had made "as a painter paints a picture, *to be looked at.*" A change of ministry followed, and next year another Cortes made another Constitution, which was, in fact, a more democratic version of its celebrated predecessor. Meanwhile, the atrocities of the Civil War, thus complicated by revolution, were awful. In Barcelona, Carlist prisoners were dragged out of the jail and slaughtered, and their corpses dragged through the streets, or burnt in bonfires. In Tortosa (February 13, 1836), the Christinist General, Nogueras, put to death in cold blood the old mother of the Carlist, Cabrera, "to revenge his defeat by her son," as Mr. Ford not unreasonably believed.

This miserable civil war—the military history of which makes a very poor figure—had another effect besides that of prolonging and confirming barbarism, ruining an already bad finance, and filling the country with revolutionary passion. It confirmed what Spaniards call the *militarismo* of Spain, and saddled the nation permanently (to all appearance) with the rule of soldier-politicians. Most of the public men since at the head of Spanish affairs—the Narvaezes, O'Donnells, Dulces, and Prims, who are dead; the Esparteros and Serranos, still surviving—gained their first distinction in that evil time. Espartero emerged from it "Duke of Victory" and hero of the Christinist triumph. Prim, a younger man, who had begun as a private in a volunteer force, rose to be a colonel in it, also on the Christinist side. Peace was finally made in 1840, but it was far from being followed by political and social peace. During the contest, two political parties had gradually formed themselves, with the names of which Spanish history has since been filled—the *Progressistas*, who called themselves the champions of popular rights, yet without renouncing the monarchical principle; and the *Moderados*, who were for *moderating* the popular power, and regulating it, but who were neither Carlist nor Absolutist. Republicans were little heard of as yet in Spain; and the characteristic severity and isolation of the country in religious matters was still so marked that the Constitution of 1837 made no provision for the religious toleration of foreigners any more than that of 1812 had done. Whilst ceasing to respect his own belief, the Spanish Liberal could not yet make up his mind to bear with that of his neighbour.

The Peninsula, in fact, was in a simmer of faction and controversy, boiling over, occasionally, into the old Iberian savagery and outrage. The two elements of Revolution and Reaction gained the upper hand alternately; and Spain has, in truth, been knocked backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock (the battledores being held by soldiers of fortune) ever since. Espartero had his triumph over Christina. Christina came back. The Moderados reigned, with occasional breaks, some ten years. They were ousted by the Revolution of 1854. Again the reaction had its innings, and so on down to our own times. The parties were modified, no doubt. A coalition between the mildest Progressistas and

Moderados produced the *Union Liberal*, represented by O'Donnell, in one of whose successful periods Spain enjoyed five years,—1858-1863—of comparative tranquillity. But with prosperity came the Morocco and St. Domingo wars, and the quarrels with the unforgiven South American States—true daughters, in their sterile agitation, faction, and financial disorder, of their mother of Europe. The fall of O'Donnell's Union Liberal ministry in 1863 was succeeded by several attempts to form a Moderado one, and three ministries of that colour rose and fell in two years. Late in 1864, General Narvaez, taking the well-known Gonzalez Brabo for his right-hand man (that clever Andaluz had risen, not by the sword, but by using pen and tongue like a sword—the *other way* of rising in Spain), formed a Moderado ministry, which undertook to settle the difficulties of St. Domingo, Peru, and the finance. The Moderados, it cannot be denied, have produced, on the whole, the ablest public men of Spain, during the last thirty years. But by this time divisions had so multiplied, and party spirit grown so fierce, that a long-lasting ministry of any hue had become impossible. The Progressistas had not the materials of which to make one, had they been invited to try: so another failure of Moderados under Narvaez was succeeded, as the only alternative, by another attempt of Unionistas under O'Donnell. This was late in 1865: early in 1866, Prim, now, after various changes, a Progressista, rose in insurrection with some squadrons at Aranjuez; and had to fight his way, retreating, to the frontier of Portugal. In the summer, another insurrection, in the same cause as Prim's, but without his leadership, broke out in Madrid.

There was harder fighting than usual, this time; the fighting is seldom very hard in these Spanish civil brawls. But the insurrection was effectually put down by O'Donnell, Narvaez, Serrano (since Regent), the Conchas, and others. O'Donnell and his Unionists did not enjoy the fruits of this triumph over the Progressistas long. The Reaction seemed so decisively successful over the Revolution, this time, that her Majesty soon put the control of affairs again into the hands of General Narvaez, Gonzalez Brabo, and their Moderados. The shuttlecock was sent flying back with a vengeance by these gentlemen. They set up a practical dictatorship; declined to convoke the Cortes for 1866, as they were legally bound to do; and arrested and sent off a batch of deputies, who were preparing a remonstrance, to the Balearic Islands and the Canaries. Serrano himself, who had helped to save the crown six months before, and was President of the Senate and Captain-General, was despatched under arrest, first to Alicante, and then to Mahon. A law of public order was passed, by which the alcaldes, or mayors, throughout Spain had power given them to expel "dangerous persons" from their dwellings. Another law, on the Press, was passed, to match this. The Moderado ministry, drunk with power and blind with vanity, hit out right and left, against Unionistas and Progressistas both. Naturally,



the leaders of these parties began to conspire. The Unionistas gradually forgot that one of the elements in their mixed origin and composition had been a Moderado element. The Progressistas as gradually cooled in their monarchical leanings, and drew more towards the extreme men, whose doctrines had been gaining strength during all these years of controversy and disturbance. Now began the real importance in high politics of Prim. He had been a barrack-conspirator for many years. Starting as a Catalan private trooper on the side of the Christinos, he had turned against Espartero in 1849, and got himself made a colonel. He had been in a conspiracy to assassinate Narvaez, who not only spared his life, but sent him, as a Moderado, to be Captain-General of Puerto-Rico. O'Donnell, in the best days of the Union Liberal, gave him employment in the Morocco War, where he acquired a marquessate and the grandeeship of Spain. He was now a Progressista, and in secret league with the democrats. Another insurrection was tried in 1867, but without success. The Government took no warning from it; and pursued its usual course of violence, which it mistook for vigour. But in Spain, everything rests at bottom on the men of the sword. Unluckily, for the Moderado ministry, General Narvaez died after a short illness on the 23rd April, 1868. Gonzalez Brabo was left to be dictator in his stead, but a dictator in a black coat has hitherto been an impossibility in the Peninsula. He was a clever Andaluz, as has been observed already, who had begun his life as editor of a blackguard Madrid satirical journal, set up to abuse Queen Christina. His reign was short. The conspiracy between Unionistas and Progressistas was complete in a few months; another Revolution broke out against a Reaction which had exhausted itself; and, this time, the Reaction dragged down the dynasty along with it. Queen Isabella's political position had been a false one all through her reign. She was called a constitutional sovereign, and was supposed to have responsible ministers. But these fictions are too artificial for a country like Spain, where law and order can only be maintained by force; and where politics are a perpetual struggle between plotters in barracks and plotters in newspaper-offices, whose ultimate object is to divide power and places between themselves and their followers. Isabella could only trust to the kind of ministers whom she fancied strongest; and she was disposed by her clerical sympathies to believe that strength must be with those who called themselves the defenders of the Church as well as of the State. It is an error to suppose that she was ever generally unpopular, *personally*, in Spain; though the ideas of government which she came to confide in had gradually been sapped throughout the nation, especially in the large cities. With regard to the private faults and follies of which her enemies made a handle, there seems no doubt that they were many. But they had little to do with her downfall. Had she kept friends with Unionists and Progressistas, and shown more independence of the Church, nobody would

have much minded the peccadilloes, in which she was amply kept in countenance by other high ladies of Madrid. Does anybody suppose that those peccadilloes were not perfectly well known to Don Juan Prim y Prats, when he accepted his grandeeship from her, and swore to her on his sword that it should always be drawn against her enemies?

Well, the Revolution was effected at the end of September, '68. The novel feature of it was the expulsion of the royal family; for, essentially, it was of the same type as all others since 1810—a democratic revolt against power in State and Church. It had a *redder* tinge; and the Republicans in the new Cortes were three or four times more numerous than in any previous Cortes. But they were not masters. The central power was still carried on, according to monarchical forms, in Madrid. A coalition of Unionistas and Progressistas formed a ministry, which did things in the old way, and just as they had been done after '54. Juntas in the cities followed former precedents by abolishing octroi duties. Moderados were turned out of places, and their opponents came in. But the essential condition of Spain remained the same, and the two years which have passed over her since have made no fundamental alterations. She remains a more or less democratized despotism, in which the two principles of change and resistance gain alternate successes—abuse them, and are defeated, in regular course. There is an ebb and flow of modern European influences upon the surface of a nation, which yet does not improve its condition in proportion to the improvements of other nations; which exhausts political theory at second-hand, without arriving at peace, strength, and prosperity; and which has not yet learned to use such modern means of forwarding progress as it has borrowed from more vigorous and advanced races.

The time is come to drop romantic notions about Spain; to understand thoroughly that whatever reality there once *was* in them, has long vanished; and that Europe has to deal with a backward people, which can only be raised into civilization by a contact with other peoples. What is the one good result of all these Revolutions and Constitutions—(there have been four, at least, of each since our Reform Bill of '32)—the last of which only differs from the others by going further in destruction? We answer that they have opened Spain more and more to foreigners, till at last, under that of 1868, we are allowed to hold public worship after our own fashion, and are to be allowed (when once these reforms get organized into laws) to practise on fair terms in such professions as medicine. Spain improves slowly; but such improvements as she has made, have been made by the help of foreign capital, and foreign brains and hands.

For example, the total revenue of Spain, in the year 1822, was only six millions sterling. In 1850, it had risen to 12,722,200*l.*; and in 1860, to 18,920,000*l.* It has since increased to something like 26,000,000*l.* This improvement may be attributed to the construction of roads, and

especially of railways—the work chiefly of English engineers, paid out of the resources of French shareholders. It is also due, in part, to the *desamortization* of lands held in mortmain, both civil and clerical, which first became law in 1855, and is one of the *good* results of the victories of the Revolution over the Church. In any other country the finance would be in a healthy state, with an increasing revenue, moderate deficits, and a relatively not overwhelming amount of debt. Yet, from sheer want of management, Spain is generally on the brink of bankruptcy, and obliged to borrow, for pressing necessities, on any terms. She was driven off the London Stock Exchange, in 1851, for compelling her foreign creditors to take half the amount due as arrears on her old debt—and to take it in deferred stock newly-created. The Bourse of Paris was closed to her in 1861, because it was discovered that some of the lands which had been assigned for the amortization of debt had been sold under the more recent law of *desamortization*, without any equivalent to the creditors.\* Here, a little common honesty would have been more to the purpose than all the talk about *hidalguia* inherited from the old semi-mythical days. The railways, too, though benefiting the nation, turned out as badly for the shareholders as the loans did for the bondholders. The concessions were jobbed, of course. And as the Spanish law allows railway-companies to issue an almost unlimited capital, half in shares and half in debentures, the want of markets for the shares compelled the raising of money upon debentures at high interest, and the construction of the works at a far greater expense than ought to have been necessary. Railway shares have little sale, and dividends are rarely seen in Spain—thanks, in the last result, mainly to the bad (and too often *corrupt*) administration of finance at Madrid. Spain, thus, does not get anything like the advantages she ought to do, out of the inventions and enterprises of her neighbours, which thus suffer for her faults. While on this subject, we may notice the Madrid Government's habit of borrowing money out of the Caja de Depositos, or State Savings' Bank. The last Revolution was not many months old before depositors were compelled to accept stock representing their deposits, and it is by measures of this kind that foreign confidence is shaken, and the bad state of Spanish finance perpetuated.

The foreign commerce of Spain is comparatively very limited ; and this is one of the many cardinal facts which are little affected by her turbulent and pretentious politics. In spite of her high tariff, her customs bring in less than three millions a year. Her duties on manufactures are prohibitive ; and the least talk of easy terms for Manchester goods makes the manufacturers of Catalonia foam at the mouth. Since the Revolution, Figuerola, the Finance Minister, has lowered the tariff, and diminished the differential duties in favour of foreign flags. It is too

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\* See, on all these subjects, the excellent reports from Cadiz (Blue Books of 1865-6-7) of Mr. Consul Dunlop, now H.M. Consul-General at the Havanna.

early, as yet, to know what improvements this may have produced ; but Figuerola's mild free-trade innovations have been met by furious opposition ; and though a well-meaning, he cannot be called a successful, Finance Minister. He was obliged to retire in the face of the overwhelming difficulty of making both ends meet. Meanwhile, this old-fashioned style of tariff, with its accompanying rules and restrictions, fines and forms, opens the way to an immense deal of smuggling and of bribery in the Spanish custom-houses. The *personnel* of Spanish Government offices is large, very poor, and very unscrupulous, and the results may be imagined. A collector of customs at Barcelona, nearly related to perhaps the most important member of the Government, was turned out of his post last year, in consequence of the universal cry raised against his corruption. The mad eagerness of the Spaniards for places under Government is due not merely to the hatred of the nation for hard work, but to the opportunities of pilfering which place affords. Otherwise, it would be hard to account for it in a country where salaries, pensions, and half-pay are constantly in arrear ; where the clergy (though the Church gave up its property under a *concordat*, in return for a settlement) have been kept for months without a dollar ; and where charitable institutions, in the same relation to the State, have been on the point, within the last twelve months, of being compelled to turn orphans and cripples into the streets. What makes all this the more disgusting to the nation generally is, that whatever money the Government has to pay its debts with is applied to the uses of Madrid before a peseta of it reaches the provinces. Centralization is carried to an unwholesome pitch in Spain. Madrid meddles with everything by telegraphing to the provinces, which are governed by captains-general, military governors, and civil governors, all appointed at the capital, and for reasons of party, faction, or family. Law-suits go up to Madrid on appeal, and a case which would be settled in France in fifteen days, occupies in Spain more than as many months. The judicial appointments are mainly political, and not permanent ; and if one may believe what one hears on all hands in Spain, a judge is sometimes as venal as a custom-house officer.

The backwardness of agriculture in Spain is due not merely to the want of capital, but to the fact that the country is under-peopled. Britain has a population twice as large in proportion to the area of geographical square miles, and France a population two-and-a-half times larger. There are districts where the land is uncultivated, or cultivated one year and left idle the next. Great part of the soil of Spain belongs to its nobility still—a nobility which performs no public services, hardly ever resides on its estates, is often out of the country altogether, and of which one never hears a good word, even from Spaniards of a conservative turn of mind. No wonder that, especially in Andalusia, a territorial socialism has been spreading for some years among the peasantry, which will some day lead to disagreeable results. Spain is governed altogether, in the absence of

an upper class, by adventurers, and nowhere are politics so thoroughly made a trade, and a trade in which the army takes a part—the last, a fact which is the real distinguishing characteristic, the *differentia*, of Spanish politics altogether. Unfortunately, too, the low state of education, whether of the higher or humbler kind, prevents the middle classes from adequately discharging the functions which their aristocracy have ceased even attempting to perform. The universities and institutes of second instruction (*segunda enseñanza*) are formed upon the French model, but are lamentably deficient. Scholarship is almost unknown, even among the clergy, who come out of the peasantry, and get barely a smattering of Latin in their *seminarios*, while of the working-classes the percentage is small that can either read or write. Spanish literature has come to an end, and little is read, throughout the length and breadth of Spain, except translations from the French, made with very little wisdom of selection. So, while all old beliefs are in a state of decay, little is coming up to supply their place. The opposition to orthodox doctrines has not yet got beyond what may be called the Tom Paine stage; and the republicanism and socialism of the larger towns is a mere pale reflection of the ruddy effulgence of that of Lyons and Marseilles.

Such is the social condition, lying deeper than all mere political agitation ever reaches, which the Spanish Revolution has to deal with and amend, and which a Prince of the House of Savoy, with the courage of his race, has undertaken to assist and direct it in doing. We wish him God-speed with all our hearts, and hope that he will live to earn the blessings of a generation that shall have learned that the nineteenth century has glories to be won as great as any ever won by the slaughter of Moors, and wealth to be gained greater than ever came from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

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## Bluebeard's Keys.

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OLD keys have always had a strange interest for me. There are many places where they may be found, hidden away, or openly put up for sale. They are of every size and substance. There are dream keys and real ones. This little story is written under the shadow of the great keys of St. Peter's. There is the key of the street, a dismal possession. The key of the mystery that puzzled us so long. There is the key of a heart's secret perhaps; for hearts come into the world, some locked, some flapping wide; and day by day the keys are forged that are to open them, or close them up for ever. There is the key of the cupboard, where the skeleton is hidden—how often we have heard of it—and, besides all these ghost keys, there are the real keys in the iron, and if they belong to dreamland, it is by association only. You may see them rusting in front of any old second-hand dealer's among cracked china and worm-eaten furniture, and faded stuff and torn lace. You may buy them for a few pence to dream over, to jingle, to melt away: to do anything with but to lock and unlock the doors and caskets to which they once belonged. There is the key of the old house that was burnt down long ago; the key of the spinet, where such sweet music lived and streamed out at the touch of the ladies' white fingers. The music is circling still in distant realms, philosophers tell us; the lady is dead; the spinet, too, has vanished, but here is the key! It means nothing now—no more does the key of the casket where the letters used to be locked away, that were afterwards published for a certain sum of money; or the key of the empty cellar where the good wine was once kept. . . .

A ring of old keys lay in a heap, in a work-basket once; some one had picked them up and put them away there. There was the key of a home once warm with firelight and sunlight and loving looks. The sun still shone upon the walls, the fires still burnt upon the hearth, but the warm heart was there no longer: the home was cold, for all the hot summer's sun, and the love seemed turned to dry tears and bitter salt. Nobody knows where the keys all belong to, as they lie in the work-basket, covered over with many shreds of tangled silk, with half-finished tattings and trimmings, with half-strung beads, scraps of rhyme jotted down on stray fly-leaves, or card-bobbins. There is the half-finished fillet of a silken purse: there is a Roman medal and a ribbon, and a flower stitched on a great big bit of canvas, large enough for a whole parterre of flowers. Here is some rosewater in an eastern bottle: here are some charms; and underneath everything lie the keys in a bunch. Did the owner lose them yesterday among the anemonies of the Borghese gardens, or



on last summer's lawn? Did the lady of the work-basket spy them shining in the grass, and bring them safe away to the silken nest where they have been lying for many a day? Sometimes two soft brown hands come feeling at the half-open basket, pulling out long threads of coloured silk from the tangle: they are curious quick little hands, with gentle clever fingers. The work-basket stands in a recess, where all day long Fanny Travers' bird has been chirping, piping, whistling in its cage, hanging high up above the great city, from a window cut deep in the thickness of the palace wall.

The red frill of an old damask curtain catches the light, the shutters are closed, in bars of grey and gloom against the outside burning sun. In the window a couple of plants are growing: they stand on the stone ledge, dark against the chequered light and shade. A worn marble step leads up into the recess, where old Olympia has put ready a bit of carpet and two straw chairs for Fanny and her sister, who sometimes come and sit there, Roman fashion, resting their arms on the stone ledge, and looking out in the cool of the evening—out across tiles and countless casements and grey house-tops, across walled gardens and stone-yards, beyond the spires and domes of the great city to the great dome of all, that rises like a cloud against the Campagna and the distant hills: the flowing plash of a fountain sounds from below, so does the placid chip of the stone-workers under their trellis of vine, and a drone of church-bells from the distant outer world, bells that jangle strangely, like those Irish Sunday bells that Fanny and her sister can remember when she and Anne were little girls at home at Barrowbank, near Kenmare Green. It seems like a dream now, while these Italian chimes come echoing along the sunny sloping streets and broad places and stone-yards and garden-walls that lead to the old palace on the hill. The window is that of a little apartment high up in the palace, in a small side wing, leading down to the great landing of the closed and spacious suite belonging to the owner of the house. Sometimes Fanny and her sister, seeing the doors ajar down below, peep in at a great marble hall where the veiled statues seem to keep watch; everything is cool and dark and silent, though all day long the burning sun has been beating outside against the marble rocks of the old palace.

Fanny and her sister sit in a vaulted room with windows towards the front—windows that you could scarcely distinguish from below, (so hidden are they among the marble wreaths and columns which ornament the old palace,) if it were not for the birdcage and for Anne's tall lily-pots flowering in the sun. Sometimes the two girls' heads are to be seen bending over their work. They are busy with harmless magic, weaving themselves into elegant young ladies out of muslin shreds and scraps and frills. The little impetuous Fanny cuts and snips and runs along the endless breadths of tarlatan; Anne stitches on more demurely. The elegant young ladies who will come floating into the ball-room in their mother's train that evening are sitting at

work with little shabby white morning-gowns. Their evening's magnificence is concocted of very simple materials—muslins washed and ironed by their own hands, ribbons turned and re-turned. Once, poor Anne, having nothing else at hand, trimmed her old dress with bunches of parsley. . . .

Anne Travers was a sweet young creature. Fanny was very pretty, but not to compare to her; the second sister was smaller, darker, more marked in feature: she looked like a bad photograph of her beautiful elder sister.

Nature is very perverse. She will give to one sister one hair's breadth more nose, that makes all the difference, one inch more height, one semitone more voice, one grain more colouring. Here was Anne, with beautiful dark eyes and beautiful black hair, lovely smiles, picturesque frowns, smooth gliding movements, and a voice that haunted you long after it had ceased to utter; and there was Fanny, stitching away on the marble step, surrounded by white scraps, and with her black hair on end, with smaller eyes, shorter limbs, paler cheeks. She was nothing particular, most people said; not beloved, like Anne; she did not hope for much to brighten her toilsome life; she despaired and lost her temper at times; and yet there was a spirit and pathos, impetuosity about the little woman that, as one person once said, outweighed all the suave charm of her sister's grace. Every one loved Anne, she was so soft, so easily pleased, and so sure of pleasing. The life she led was not a wholesome one, but it did not spoil her. The twopenny cares that brought the purple to her mother's hair, and the sulky frown to Fanny's brow, only softened Anne's eyes to a gentle melancholy.

Poor little Fanny! how she hated the stealings and scrapings of fashionable life that fell to their share—the lifts in other people's carriages, the contrivances and mortifications. "Mamma, what *is* the good of it all?" she would say. "Let us go and live in a cottage, and Anne shall stand by the fountain and sell roses and violets."

Mrs. de Travers had not much humour for an Irishwoman.

"No children of mine, with my consent, shall ever give up appearances," she said, testily. "Is this the language, Fanny, you use after the many many sacrifices I have made. If Lord Tortillion had behaved as common decency might have suggested, we should have been spared all this. But his conduct shall make no difference in ours; and we will do our duty in our state of life."

Lord Tortillion was Fanny and Anne's grandfather, who, hearing of his son's marriage and conversion, had immediately cut the young couple off with a shilling. When Mr. de Travers died, he left his widow and daughters the price of his commission and an insurance on his life, which, with a small inheritance of Anne's, gave them something to live upon. The widow struggled valiantly on this slender raft to keep up her head in the fashionable whirlpool, to which she had been promoted by marriage. She acted honestly according to her lights. She thought

it was her duty : she worked away without ever asking herself to what it all tended.

People's duties are among the most curious things belonging to them. The South Kensington Museum might exhibit a collection of them. They are all-important to each of us, though others would be puzzled enough to say what they mean, or what good they are to any one else. Specimens of disciplines, of hair-shirts, and boiled fish, for some ; then for others a sort of social Jacob's ladder, with one foot on earth and the other in Belgrave Square, to be clambered only by much pains, by vigils, by mortifications, by strainings and clutchings, and presence of mind. Some people feel that a good dinner is their solemn vocation ; others try for poor soup, cheap flannel, and parochial importance ; some feel that theirs is a mission to preach disagreeable truths ; while others have a vocation for agreeable quibbles ; there are also divisions, and sermons, and letters, and protests ; some of us wish to improve ourselves, others of us, our neighbours. Mrs. de Travers had no particular ambition for herself, poor soul ! She was a lazy woman, and would have contentedly dozed away the quiet evenings by the smouldering log, but a demon of duty came flitting up the palace stairs. "Get up," it whispered to her, "get up, put on your wedding-garment" (it was a shabby old purple dyed-satin that had once been bought in hopes of an invitation to Tourniquet Castle) ; "never mind the draught, never mind the pain in your shoulder," says duty, "send old Olympia for a hack cab, shiver down the long marble flight and be off, or Lady Castleairs won't ask you again." Can one blame the poor shivering martyr as she enters Lady Castleairs' drawing-room, followed by her two votive maidens ? Anne took things placidly, accepted kindness and patronage with a certain sweet dignity that held its own ; but poor little Fanny chafed and fumed, and frowned, at the contrivances and scrapings and disputings of their makeshift existenece. How she longed sometimes to forget the price of earth, air, fire, and water, of fish, flesh, and fowl. She would have liked silver pieces to give to the pretty little black-pated children who come running and dancing along the sunny streets, and peeping out of darkened doorways. She would have liked to buy the great bunches of roses that the girl with the sweet beseeching eyes would hold up to her by the fountain in the street below : great pale pink heads and white sprays flowering ; and golden and yellow buds among leaves of darkest emerald, green, and purple brown, and shining stems. But it was no use wishing ; roses, too, mean money : it is only thistles and briars that we may gather for nothing.

So Fanny and Anne stitch on in the darkened room, while Olympia glides about in the dark passage outside their sitting-room, and Mrs. de Travers dozes in the inner room. It is a birdcage-like little boudoir out of this sitting-room, with quaint dim splendours fading away, with mirrors and garlands painted on their surface, reflecting poor Mrs. de Travers' nodding head, all crowned with roses and emblems of delight ; there are lyre-backed chairs, little miniatures hanging to faded ribbons, and hooks

in the trellis wall, and an old tapestry carpet with Rebecca at the well and brown straggling camels coming up to drink. All is quite hot and silent: Mrs. de Travers snores loudly.

"Come, Nancy," says Fanny, from the inner room, "let us go for a turn in the garden."

"My head aches," says Anne; "I should like it. I suppose there will be time to finish our work."

"Everything is so tiresome," says Fanny, impetuously, "and I hate Lady Castleairs. O dear, how I wish,—I wish I was enormously rich."

A closed gateway led to the old palace garden. The girls boldly jangled the cracked bell for admittance, and one of the gardeners came down the steps of a terrace, and unlocked the bars and let them in. This was old Angelo, who was not only head-gardener, but porter and keeper of the palace. He looked very portentous, and his nose was redder than usual. "They had received the news that his Highness the Marquis was expected," he said, "and after to-day he could no longer admit the young ladies to delight themselves in the grounds. 'When the master comes,' " said he, quoting an old Italian proverb, "'the keys turn in the lock.' "

"But he won't eat us up," says Fanny, pertly.

Old Angelo smiled as he shook his head.

"No," he said; "and yet the Lady Marchioness was as young and as pretty as you." Then he hastily added, "Now I will tell the men to put a *sgabella* for the young ladies in the shade."

The girls gratefully accepted, though they did not in the least know what he meant by a *sgabella*. It was a low wooden bench, which the under-gardener placed under the Spanish chestnut-tree at the end of the avenue, just opposite the little rocky fountain. There was a great Apollo over against the fountain, with one arm outstretched against the blue waterfalls, and green, close-creeping wreaths fell over the rocks; while there are also many violets and ferns sprouting spring-like, and the iris stem of a few faint yellow flowers starting from the side of an old stone, and then a little wind stirs the many branches. . . .

"This is nicer than that endless tucking," says Fanny. "I wish one's dresses grew like leaves and flowers."

"But what should we wear in winter?" says Anne, looking about. "Hush! what is that?"

There was a strange soft commotion in the air—a flapping, crooning murmur, and two doves, flying white through the sunshine, came to alight by the rocky fountain, and began to drink. But Fanny jumped up to admire, and though she was no very terrible personage, the doves flew away.

"Silly creatures!" says Fanny, throwing a chestnut-leaf after them.

Then she started off, and went to walk on the terrace, from whence she could see the people in the street.

Anne followed slowly. How sweet and bright the fountain flowed!

How quietly the shadows shook in time to the triumphal burst of spring light. Over the wall of the garden she caught sight of an ancient church front; rows of oleanders stood by the terrace wall; and from all the bushes and branches came a sweet summer whistle of birds, and the pleasant dream and fresh perfume of branches swaying in the soft wind.

Also along the terrace there stood a colony of gods in a stony Olympus—Venus, and Ceres, and Mercury, and Theseus, the mighty hunter—ancient deities, whose perennial youth had not saved them from decay. Their fair limbs were falling off, mouldy stains were creeping along the folds and emblems and torches. Theseus's lion's skin was crumbling away. . . .

"How horrid it must be to die young!" said Fanny, stopping for an instant to look at fair Ceres, one of whose hands had fallen off, whose nose was gone, whose bountiful cornucopia was broken in the middle, scattering plaster, flowers, and morsels on the ground. "I wonder what Angelo meant by what he said about the Marchioness," said Fanny.

"I never listen to him," said Anne, walking on with a light step to a great pink stem studded with a close crop of flowers.

Some painter might have made a pretty picture of the girl bending in her white dress to admire the flower as it grew at the crumbling feet of the goddess of the forsaken altars.

Meanwhile, Fanny had sat down on the ledge of the low wall, and was peeping with her bright open eyes into the street below. The flower-girl was at her place by the fountain; the old women were at their doors; the great porches of the opposite church were thrown wide open at the close of some religious ceremony: there was a vague cloud of incense issuing with the people, who were coming from behind the heavy curtains: some monks, some Italian peasants, a soldier or two, and three or four of those Brothers of Pietà who follow the funerals and pray for the souls of the dead. Six of these latter came out two by two, with long blue silk masks veiling their faces, and walked away down the street; but a seventh, who seemed waiting for somebody or something, stood upon the step of the church, looking up and down the street.

"Fanny," cried Anne, who had been exploring the end of the terrace, "here is a staircase up into the house."

Fanny did not answer.

When Anne rejoined her sister, she found her sitting motionless on the stone wall just where she had left her, looking at something across the road.

"What is it? What are you waiting for?" cried Anne. "Come away, Fanny. How that horrible figure looks at us."

As she spoke, a monk came out of the church, and laid one hand on the shoulder of the blue-bearded figure (for the long pointed blue mask looked like nothing else). The man started, and withdrew his burning eyes, which had been fixed on Fanny, and the two walked away together down the sloping street. No one, except the sisters, looked after the

strange-looking pair : such a sight was common enough in Rome. The monk's brown skirts flapped against his heels ; the brother walked with long straight strides. He wore spurs beneath his black robe.

Fanny was quite pale. " Oh, Anne ! I was too frightened to move," said she. " What is the little staircase ? How horrid those people look."

The little staircase disappeared into the wall which abutted at the end of the terrace ; there was a small door, which had always been closed hitherto, leading to it. Halfway up a small window stood open, with a balcony (iron-fenced, with an iron coronet woven into the railing). It was just large enough for one person to stand. This person was old Angelo, waiting for them with his keys and a duster under his arm.

" This leads into the grand apartment," he said. " You may come if you like. I am going to see that all is in order for the coming of the Marquis. In the Marchioness's time it was full of company," he explained as he unlocked the heavy doors. " Now there are only the spiders and mice that we chase away."

Fanny and her sister liked nothing better than being allowed to go over the great rooms. They gladly accepted the offer ; even though the elegant young ladies should have to appear mulleted of their proper number of flounces that evening. They sprang up the narrow stairs two and three at a time, and came at once into a great bedroom, furnished with sumptuous blue satin hangings, with splendid laces covering the bed and the dressing-table, with beautiful china upon the mantel-shelf—all silent, abandoned, magnificent. The toilet-glass was wreathed with lace, the pincushion must have cost as much as Fanny's whole year's allowance. This room was more newly and modernly furnished than the rest of the suite, and yet it was more melancholy and deserted-looking than any other. Angelo took off his cap when he told them the Marchioness had died there.

" In that splendid bed ? " said Fanny, thoughtfully.

" Not in the bed," said Angelo, hurrying on to the next apartment.

The girls followed. Fanny's high heels echoed as they patted along the marble floor.

" Yes, Anne, I should like to be enormously rich. Oh ! how I like satin and velvet ! " And she sank into a great yellow satin chair.

" Ché ! ché ! " cries old Angelo ; " not on the best chairs. Farther on the young ladies shall rest."

Farther on were great rooms with closed windows, and shutters within shutters ; pictures hung from the walls. Fanny flew along the marble floor, tapping from room to room. Anne followed. The girls soon left old Angelo and his duster behind. He could hear their voices exclaiming as they travelled to the end of the long suite. Great vases stood on the mosaic tables : faded hangings, with scripture subjects, waved from the panels. They passed room after room, and they came at last to one lofty hall, bigger than any they had passed through. It was unfurnished, but straight stone seats ran all round the wall, and at one



end uprose a shadowy throne, raised beneath a dais, where great plumes and a coat-of-arms were waving. Although the glories of the house of Barbi had passed from the family to which they once belonged, the insignia of their bygone dignities still faded there in all solemnity. Some ten years before, the palace and the estates near Rome and the name had passed to a distant cousin of the grand old family, a foreigner, so people said, in humble circumstances. Since his wife's death, he had not been seen in Rome. She was Sibilla, of the great Mangiascudi family, and it was said the Marquis bought her of her brothers. This was old Angelo's story; but he was always winking and shaking his head. Fanny did not trouble herself about bygone or present Barbis, although they had numbered cardinals and ambassadors among their members. She was sliding and dancing along the polished floor, in and out among the many tables. She was less even-tempered than her sister, and she would spring from all the depths to all the heights of excitement in a few minutes. The great audience-hall opened into another vista of rooms, through which the girls turned back. They passed old windows, cabinets, and picture-frames, the "English boudoir" crammed with patchwork cushions and cheap gimcracks, with a priceless plaid paper-knife lying on a cushion beneath a glass. Then came more Italy; bare and stately, dim and grandiose. The two girls ran on, sometimes stopping short, sometimes hurrying along. At the end of all things was a little yellow room, with a vaulted ceiling, where some Cupids were flitting round an old crystal chandelier, fluttering, head downwards, in a white stucco cloud. Old Angelo had unfastened the closed shutters—for the sun at midday had passed beyond the corner of the palace—and the tall window looked out upon a faint burning city, that flashed into dazzling misty distance. Some dead flowers were standing on the little stone balcony. It looked down into the great front court of the palace. The adventurous Fanny, peeping out, declared that she could not only see St. Peter's, but her own birdcage and their old red curtains overhead.

"We ought to go back and finish our work," said Anne, remembering the unfinished frills heaped up on the work-table in the window.

"Horrid things! Anne, how can you always talk about work just when we are most happy!" said Fanny, stamping. "We haven't half looked at the things. Look at that curious old oak chest."

There were many objects displayed upon the tables and cabinets of this little room, and Fanny's frills would never have been hemmed if she had waited to examine them all. The oak chest stood upon a carved stand, with two golden harps and handles worked into some fanciful representation of hearts entwined. On the panel above hung a picture, that took the girl's fancy. It was the head of a peasant woman, painted by some great modern artist. It seemed taken in imitation of a celebrated head in the public galleries below, that people came from far and near to see. A beautiful woman, with dark imploring eyes, with a tremulous mouth that seemed ready to speak. In her hair were massive silver pins. Round

her neck she wore the heavy coral necklace of the Italian peasants, with the addition of a crystal heart. The beautiful eyes were pitiful, but very sad. While Fanny stood absorbed, old Angelo appeared at a little door which led back into the blue bedroom—for they had come round the whole suite of rooms, and reached the place from whence they started.

"Come," said Angelo, "I have prepared the apartments for the Marquis. I shall let you young ladies out the other way."

"We could go back by the garden," said Fanny.

"I have locked the garden-door," said Angelo. "The Marquis would be very angry if he chanced to see us there. He ordered it to be closed after the Lady Marchioness died."

"Angelo, is this the Marchioness?" said Fanny, pointing to the picture.

"No," said Angelo, gravely. "No one knows who it is. The Marquis bought the picture of Don Federigo, the great painter, who had taken her as she sat at the fountain. There was no such model in Rome. Poor little one! she came to a sad end: she fell into the river. Don Federigo and the Marquis would have saved her, but it was too late. Hé, some people say he has the evil eye, our Marquis! Come, come!"

Old Angelo, who had a way of suddenly losing his temper, stumped off; the girls followed, then went back to have another look at the picture.

"What is that noise? He will lock us in," said Anne, suddenly setting off running.

Fanny lingered one instant: as she looked, the pictured face seemed to change, the eyes to flash resentfully. It was a fancy, but it frightened her to be alone, and she too ran away.

All the rooms flew past again in inverse order. The girls hurried on, quickening their steps, but they took the wrong way once, and had to come back, baffled by a locked door. There are sometimes Pompeian figures painted on the walls of old Italian tombs—figures with garments flying, with wheels and caskets in their hands, or simply rushing by with veils floating on the wind. The two sisters were not unlike these dancing nymphs, as they hurried in pursuit of the old custodian. Fanny had forgotten her fears, and Anne's spirits were rising high as she darted through the door leading into the enormous sala into which both the long galleries opened, and where the followers of princes and ambassadors were supposed to wait while their masters feasted within. Anne sped through the great vaulted place with a white rush; half-way across she paused and looked back for her sister, beginning to call out that she was first. But the words died away; her heart began to beat. What was this? Was it a horrible fancy. Fanny was standing as if transfixed in the middle of the great brick area, gazing at the faded throne, upon which sat a figure also motionless, and watching them with strange dark glances. On one of the steps stood a capucin monk, with his face nearly hidden by a falling hood. It was only for an instant. Fanny gave a little shuddering scream, and Anne sprang forward

and caught her sister with two outstretched hands, while the apparition hastily rose from its seat and began descending the steps. At the same instant old Angelo appeared with his keys, exclaiming and bowing, and welcoming his excellency.—“Who would have thought of his arriving thus! Only attended by his chaplain. His excellency would find everything ready to his command. What! the young English ladies. They should not have wandered in without permission,” said old Angelo severely. “Ché! ché! What is this? Is the young lady taken with a vertigo?” The old fellow, who felt somewhat ashamed of his duplicity, tried to make up for it by assisting Anne to lead Fanny to one of the stone seats that skirted the room. He rubbed Fanny’s little cold hands and jingled his keys reassuringly in her face. Fanny, fluttering and trembling, soon recovered, and prepared to go her way, although the whole place seemed to rock beneath her.

“I am sorry to have caused you alarm,” said his excellency, in very good English. “My chaplain and I were discussing the decorations of the sala.”

“It is I who am so silly,” faltered poor Fanny, still trembling shyly, as she met the glance of those strange eyes. They were so wild, so sad, that she almost felt inclined to scream again.

“The young lady is here at home,” said Angelo, pointing to the landing.

“Will you take my arm?” said the Marquis.

Anne would have interfered, but Fanny, trembling still, put her little hand on his arm.

He was a big, heavy-made man, not very active, though strongly built: he seemed to be about forty. His hair was of that blue black that is almost peculiar to Italians; his chin, which was shaved close, was blue; his eyes were so strange and magnetic that they seemed to frighten those on whom they fell. He had a curious sarcastic smile. Anne thought him horrible, and could not bear Fanny to accept his civilities. Fanny seemed like some bird fascinated, and without will of her own. As for the monk, he followed them indifferently, seeming scarcely aware of the little passing excitement.

Mrs. de Travers made very light of Fanny’s vertigo. If it had been Anne, it would have been different. Anne was her pride, her darling, her beautiful daughter. Fanny’s vertigoes were of no consequence. She was scarcely so pretty as the other girls they met out every night—girls with fortunes and French maids: what chance had poor Fanny to compete with them? Mrs. de Travers looked to Anne to redeem the fortunes of the family. The poor woman had been stitching away at her daughters’ frills in their absence, and preparing a scolding for their return. Barbi had left them at their door, and Anne breathed again as it was closed upon him.

When the evening came the girls were dressed and revived and ready to start for their ball. They went step by step down the great marble

staircase, carefully holding up their dresses. It was *to-day* fitting through the Past, Anne's white flounces flicked the Grecian folds of one of the stately nymphs, Fanny's bourneous caught in the sandal of a classic warrior. Mrs. de Travers, who was calculating her bills, poor thing, went stolidly down, on her way to the little open carriage that old Olympia had called from the Piazza, and in which the three drove off.

"Mind you rake out the fire and put out the candles, Olympia," said Mrs. de Travers; "you can light them again when you hear us come in."

The moon was shining full up the street along which they drove. Fanny seemed silent and indifferent through it all. She was absorbed, and—instead of chattering, grumbling, laughing, keeping them all three alive by her sallies—she sat perched on the little back seat of the carriage, watching the passers-by. They came out of the star and moonlight into dazzling light and reflections. There was music floating out into the gardens, there were dancers fitting in time to the music, and people coming and going, and smiling and greeting one another. The beautiful Roman ladies passed by with their dark shining tresses and their wondrous heirlooms flashing round their necks. Fanny began to wish for a diamond tiara and necklace. "Ah, *then* I should get plenty of partners," thought poor little Fanny. She felt sad and tired, though everything was so bright and so gaily beautiful. The ball was given in a palace belonging to a great sculptor, and the statues shivered softly where the lights fell. They seemed to stir, to look with strange, far-away eyes upon the dancers. Fanny felt as if she herself belonged to the country of statues; and yet everything should have been delightful. Anne was floating by on the waves of a waltz. Marble and moonlight and music are a happy combination. Outside, in the garden, the mandolins were playing, the air came in heavy with roses; something of the serenity of the night seemed shining in Fanny's eyes, though she was so sad and this strange depression was upon her.

Fanny was standing watching the company that evening, when she happened to overhear two voices talking behind her. They were talking of ancient families and palaces; of a marquis lately returned from abroad. She could not see the people, nor could the curious little creature help listening, so deeply interesting did their conversation seem to her. The voices came through an open window, through which she could see the lights in the garden outside, where the people were strolling between the dances. Barbi's name floated in distinctly uttered by these unseen gossips.

"His father was a blacksmith," said the voice; "but he was the undoubted heir to the estate. You need only look at Ottavio to recognize the likeness to the mareschal and the great cardinal."

"Was anything ever known about that dreadful story?" asked the other voice.

"Nothing; for it happened the day before the poor Marchesa died, and all was consternation," said the second gossip. "They say she received a poisoned letter. Surely that is Don Stephano: how delighted I am to see him so recovered from his indisposition."

Fanny cared nothing for Don Stephano, and ceased to listen. She still looked through the open window at the silver shield of moonlight, star-studded and shimmering upon the roses in the mandolin-resounding garden—and then, as she looked, she saw a tall figure in the doorway, and met the glance of those strange, fierce eyes that had haunted her all the day. It was the Marquis, grandly dressed, with a ribbon and an order and a diamond star. He looked grander than ever, thought Fanny; grander even than under that dais where he had frightened her. Barbi, meeting Fanny's wistful bright eyes shining among clouds, and estranged looks, came straight up to where the little thing was standing, said a few words and passed on—passed on, leaving her all bewildered, excited. He seemed to her a sort of king and for ever under the dais. A word from him was a distinction, thought the little idiot. She watched him proceeding through the rooms. It appeared to her that people made way before him, or could it be that they avoided him? Then she remembered old Angelo's shrugs and innuendoes. Ah! how wicked people were! how malicious! There was something half-hesitating in the way hands were held out to him. If her hand—poor little brown needle-stitched hand that it was—had been worth holding out, how gladly she would have given it. He was unhappy, very unhappy, that she could see. Then she heard the voices at her elbow again. They had left Don Stephano, glanced at the state of Europe, at the new dress for the Papal Zouaves, and had now come back to Ottavio Barbi and his affairs. She heard the word "Barbi" again with a provoking cautious "hmumumhmumum."

"Poor child! if it was so, it was to escape from the Marquis," said No. 1 more distinctly.

"He will not find it easy to marry again," said No. 2.

"Oho!" said the first, with a laugh, "he will not find much difficulty. There was Henry Tudor, and the Sultan in the *Arabian Nights*."

"Who were they?" said the lady.

"Hush!" said No. 1.

There was Barbi, standing beside Fanny again, with a dark frown upon his handsome face, and the nostrils of his great hook-nose distended. The voices seemed to falter away. Mrs. de Travers simpered up and shook out her purple satin. Fanny said nothing, but her little brown face was gratefully upturned. Barbi's frowns seemed to relax at her welcome and undisguised pleasure. If Fanny had been more used to admiration, she might have hesitated before she surrendered herself so absolutely to this passing fancy for a diamond star, a blue ribbon, a blue chin.

Little Fanny, who had laughed, and scolded, and grumbled briskly through life hitherto, suddenly felt as if the old Fanny existed no longer; as if this was the most eventful evening of all the evenings of her life. Long afterwards the sound of a mandolin would bring it all back to her again, conjure up the old love-story—ah, how vivid—though the love was over, the story ended, still the tones and the words would come back and seem to repeat themselves in the empty air.

Fanny wondered if Barbi had overheard the two speakers. He said nothing; he made a grand bow, and asked to be introduced to her mother. Mrs. de Travers rose equal to the occasion: "A marquis!—that was the society she really enjoyed." As for poor little Fanny, perhaps from childish vanity she liked stars and titles, and yet her natural good taste made her blush for her mother as she paraded Lord Tortillion and Tourniquet Castle, and the Honourable John and the Honourable Joe, and all the titled splendour of the family. Then Fanny blushed again when, having gravely listened to it all, the Marquis turned to her again, with one of those curious looks. He frightened her, and yet he fascinated her, and besides it was very delightful to be talked to, and noticed, and treated with deference. One or two girls, passing by with their partners, glanced at them with some curiosity. Fanny flushed up with excitement.

"I am afraid you are not yet recovered," he said. "Why do you not dance?"

"I am tired," said Fanny, ashamed to confess that her partners were scarce.

"You danced too much this morning in my apartment," said the Marquis, smiling. "It was a pleasant surprise to find it so agreeably animated by the presence of ladies. Have you stayed long in the Palazzo Barbi?"

Mrs. de Travers gave an uneasy glance. Could he be calculating the rent. But the landlord went on courteously to say that he hoped they would command him, and that anything he could do, that would be agreeable to them, would be a sincere pleasure to him; then he asked Mrs. de Travers if she would allow him to pay his respects to her next day. "I am lonely in my empty apartments, I shall be grateful for kind neighbours."

"You," said Fanny, "grateful to us?"

The Marquis looked kindly at her.

"You will, I hope, never know," he said to Fanny, "what a sad empty world this is to some, and how soon a grave closes over one in the memories of those upon whom one has heaped benefits with open hands."

He sighed as he spoke, and walked a little way towards the window. He was certainly a grand-looking figure, stately and composed, with a haughty melancholy way, that Fanny thought perfectly irresistible. The music ceased for an instant. Anne came up beaming to join them, only her sweet face somewhat fell when she saw who had been talking to them. At that instant one of the convent bells, that are in every street and Broadway in Rome, began to strike a few quick strokes.

"Listen," said Anne's partner, a young Roman; "that is a summons to the Brothers of the Pietà. Look at those two stealing away."

The young man shrugged his shoulders as he spoke: he belonged to the advanced liberal party, and liked dancing and liberty. Fanny said



nothing, but she saw that the Marquis too had disappeared: she gave a great sigh of relief, and yet she was sorry.

The Marquis called to inquire after the ladies next day. Old Olympia said they were resting after the ball.

"You don't suppose *my* masters are common people, who would be up at this hour?" said she.

The Marquis left three small thin varnished cards, with a crown on each, and the "Marquis Barbi" engraved in finest steel. That afternoon a magnificent nosegay arrived, the most beautiful flowers set together in a silver paper zone. Anne made a little joke, and told Fanny she had charmed their neighbour, and that the bouquet was evidently meant for her.

Fanny blushed up red, and answered, "You know I charm no one, Anne. No one will ever care for me. I wish you wouldn't say such things. I'm neither pretty nor good, and not like you, who are both. I'm sure I don't know why I wasn't made one or the other," said Fanny, indignant.

"I am very glad you were made as you are," said Anne.

The two were standing at their window: it was evening time, and all the people were out in the streets, and all the sky was brightening with a white flame-like light, that seemed to shake the city into clearer and more vivid tints. As they looked the Marquis's great carriage came thundering into the courtyard, and they both ran away from the window.

Fanny was neither very pretty, nor very good, nor very patient. She was discontented for one so young, clever and warm-hearted, and almost hopeless at times. The poor little thing had grown so tired of the life they were leading, that she would have done almost anything to escape from it. She was naturally shy, except where her interest was roused; this struggle to "keep up" was misery to her. To keep up? to what—to scraping out halfpence to last weeks, to other people's days, like semi-quavers and crotchets.

"Oh, Anne, I wish I was a servant," little Fanny sometimes said.

"I *am* a servant."

Anne would preach patience, but Fanny had no patience. She put her flowers into water; she looked at them with odd wistful eyes.

"You might as well tell the flowers to take patience, and they will grow again," said Fanny.

Poor Anne did not know what to say to her.

And so all day long the sun beat against the marble rocks of the great palace, and the days went on. Mrs. de Travers sat dozing in her place in society. The girls stitched on. Sometimes, coming up the long stairs with old Olympia to guard them, they would meet their neighbour descending from his rooms. He would always stop and speak to them. Sometimes when they were at their open window, he would appear on the balcony below and look up with some sign of friendly greeting, but that was all. That odd sort of silent yet reserved intimacy was established between them which exists between people living in the same house, the

circles of whose lives cross here and there and then diverge each on their way. One day old Angelo told them that the Marquis talked of returning to Florence. Fanny and Anne looked at each other in silence. They said nothing to their mother.

That very afternoon Fanny spied Barbi's back and the two soles of his feet in St. Peter's. He was kneeling in a confessional. Fanny and her sister and mother had come to listen to the singing in one of the chapels; for once they had left their cares behind them. In the cathedral all was so great, so silent, so harmonious that vexed fancies seemed stilled and quieted. Mrs. de Travers felt as if she had paid all her bills. Fanny forgets her shabby blue feather, and worn black silk. Anne wanders on quietly listening and looking. The clustering lights are burning round the shrine of St. Peter: dim columns stretch away in fire and cloud to other shrines and saints: far lights burn through a silent haze. A little family group comes across the marble aisle and goes and kneels by the golden railing of the great St. Peter's shrine; a pretty little maiden of some twelve years old, in white, with a crown of white roses with a flowing veil,—like the maiden in the *Vita Nuova*,—the mother is in black, with a black veil over her face; the father follows with a younger child; they all go and kneel together and give thanks for the first communion of the little daughter. The vesper song swells along the centre aisle, and seems spreading evening shadows of peace and rest after the labours of the day; the music travels on exquisite and tranquil, the voices run into cadence shriller yet more gentle than our own. A sense of peace, of self-abandonment, comes to one at such an hour, of dependence upon an outward and tranquillizing rule.

And yet the rule must be at the same time sorrow and burthen unendurable to hundreds who are chained down bodily to the railings of those altars which should be but the emblems and phantoms of the eternal truth.

Something of this crossed Fanny's mind as the Marquis came out of the confessional under the swinging rod, and met them full in the centre of the aisle. He seemed moved and aged, with a look of harassed suffering in his face: it might have been the shade of his black hair. He would have passed on, but Mrs. de Travers, with presence of mind, instantly stopped short, and the poor Marquis found himself suddenly in the world again, in the hands of those people in it whom, for the moment, he most wished to escape. Mrs. de Travers turned on the tap of her small talk. Anne tried to say something to set him free, but she broke down in her sentence. Fanny's face fell, and she sighed: the Marquis, hearing her sigh, hesitated, and suddenly gave up his efforts to break away.

"You have been listening to the music," he said. "I was hoping to come to pay my respects to you, and to take my leave. My stay here is at an end. I am going in another day to my house in Florence."

"Oh, Marquis! Going! I am sure we shall miss you extremely," said Mrs. de Travers, bewildered, and somewhat crestfallen.

The Marquis did not answer—he was watching Fanny's face. Little

girls of eighteen have faces that often seem to speak without speaking—perhaps they sometimes say more than there is to tell. Fanny's blushes and changing looks meant that she was sorry, very sorry. That was all. That she was disappointed, that vague, intangible dreams of riches and jewels and palaces were dispelled. The Marquis, for all his penetrating black eyes, read more than there was to read. He suddenly asked the elder lady if she was going home, and begged leave to be allowed to drive her back with her daughters. Fanny looked radiant, reproachful; Anne looked grave and silent. Mrs. de Travers said she had been accustomed to a carriage for years, and that she would gladly accept the Marquis's offer.

"I have not brought a servant," said Mrs. de Travers, as they came out together under the heavy curtain of the church.

The Marquis summoned his groom. They stood waiting for the carriage and overlooking the great piazza, that was now alight with the great last dying lights, striking on every column and passing figure.

Anne was silent and pre-occupied, so was the Marquis; but he assisted the ladies in, and jumped in himself. Mrs. de Travers was in a seventh heaven—a carriage, a coronet and springs—a Marquis sitting opposite and paying attentions to Fanny. Here was the reward of her long sacrifices.

Who that has ever been to Rome does not remember Roman streets of an evening, when the day's work is done? They are all alive in a serene and home-like fashion. The old town tells its story. Low arches cluster with life—a life humble and stately, though rags hang from the citizens and the windows. You realize it as you pass them—their temples are in ruins, their rule is over—their colonies have revolted long centuries ago. Their gates and their columns have fallen like the trees of a forest, cut down by an invading civilization.

As Barbi's carriage drove along, the evening was falling fast. They passed groups standing round their doorways; a blacksmith hammering with great straight blows at a copper pot, shouting to a friend, a young baker, naked almost, except for a great sheet flung over his shoulders, and leaning against the door of his shop—the horses tramp on—listen to the flow of fountains gleaming white against the dark marbles, to the murmur of voices. An old lady, who has apparently hung all her wardrobe out of window, in petticoats and silk handkerchiefs, is looking out from beneath these banners, at the passers in the streets. Little babies, tied up tight in swaddling-clothes, are being poised against their mothers' hips; a child is trying to raise the great knocker of some feudal-looking arch, hidden in the corner of the street. Then they cross the bridge and see the last sun's rays flaming from the angel's sacred sword. Driving on, through the tranquil streets, populous and thronged with citizens,—they see brown-faced, bronze-headed Torsos in balconies and window-frames; citizens sitting tranquilly, resting on the kerbstones, with their feet in the gutters; grand-looking women resting against their doorways. The occupants of the carriage were silent; nor was there much talk in the street, nor

shouting, such as one hears in our English street, where the people are coming and going, instead of merely resting and looking on.

They passed some priests, an old white-headed monk, with a younger friar in attendance. Barbi respectfully uncovered to the dignitary, who blessed the carriageful in return. Fanny opened her eyes, Mrs. de Travers bowed graciously. Sibyls out of the Sistine were sitting on the steps of the churches. In one stone archway sat the Fates spinning their web. There was a holy family by a lemonade-shop, and a whole heaven of little Correggio angels perching dark-eyed along the road. They gaze quietly at the carriage rolling by. Then comes a fountain falling into a marble basin, at either end of which two little girls are clinging and climbing. Here is a little lighted May altar to the Virgin, which the children have put up under the shrine at the street-corner. They don't beg clamorously, but stand leaning against the wall, waiting for a chance miraculous *baioch* . . . . Here are the gates of the Barbi Palace, and Mrs. de Travers' brief triumph is over.

"I should like to live in an open carriage," says Fanny, tripping upstairs. "Why does one want a house? One could dine at the pastry-cook's, and pay visits when it rained."

"But suppose the people were out?" said Anne.

"Don't talk such nonsense to the Marquis," said Mrs. de Travers.

But the Marquis smiled. "Should you like a carriage?" said he to Fanny.

"Good-by—thank you," said Fanny, blushing again, and not answering.

Next morning, Anne, hearing her mother scream loudly, hurried into the *salle* where the breakfast was laid. Mrs. de Travers held a letter in her hand, the teapot was overflowing, a chair was upset.

"Oh, my darling child," cries Mrs. de Travers, "come here! see what you owe to your old mother's life of sacrifice! Not you, Anne! Where is my Fanny? Where is—there, my paper! A pen, child—quick! A marquis! What am I saying?"

Mrs. de Travers rushed into Fanny's room, embraced her as she stood there, with all her hair falling over her shoulders.

"Fanny, Fanny, I knew it! I knew that I should be rewarded!" cries the silly woman. "Here! read this—read this!"

And Mrs. de Travers, who was quite over-excited, clasped her hands, shook her head, and burst into tears of rapture.

Fanny shed no tears. She was perfectly composed as she read the following letter, written in English, in a small flourishing hand, with an enormous crown and a great B at the top.

"Palazzo Barbi, April 17, 18—.

"MOST ESTEEMED MADAME,—I feel impelled to open to you an affair which interests my feelings in the highest degree, and which concerns the destiny of your most cultivated and virtuous daughter. The admirable

Miss Fanni is not aware of my project, although I imagine that it may not be displeasing to her, and that you may favour my desire to unite myself with a person so 'complished. I would make every arrangement befitting my station. She shall have four servants to her orders and a *mesatta* of 100 crowns. I would also fix for your life an annuity of 400 crowns, desiring that the mother of my spouse should enjoy all the commodities fitting her respectable station.

"I protest myself, most esteemed madame,

"Your most devoted

"ENRICO OTTAVIO BARBI."

It was certainly a very strange affair, and so everybody looked and said and thought, when it was announced that the Marquis Barbi was engaged to little Fanny de Travers, that small brown insignificant little person. To be sure she was a Catholic, and well connected; but there were about 1,000 Catholic young ladies in Rome better looking, and with grand relations. As for Fanny herself, how she could make up her mind to marry that man with all those stories about, and that well-known temper, was more than any one could imagine, except that it was what was done every day. Everybody knew that Mrs. de Travers was absolutely starving, with those two girls dependent on her. Everybody disapproved of everything; but the inhabitants of the palazzo did not trouble themselves on this account. The Marquis came every day to call upon his intended, and sat in the little birdcage room, leaning back in the arm-chair, and smiling at her lively sallies. There was no doubt about it that he was very much in love. He had tried to overcome his fancy, but a look of those bright brown eyes that day in St. Peter's had called him back just as he was escaping. One cannot account for such things. He was a solemn, changeable, violent, and haughty man: her quickness and vivacity suited and amused him, but sometimes even Fanny's sallies seemed to displease him. One day she asked him what he kept in the old oak chest in his room.

"What business is that of yours?" he thundered out, in a voice that made Mrs. de Travers jump in her shoes. Another day he had lost his keys. There never was such a scene as he made. The whole palace was searched, but finally old Angelo had to go for the locksmith. The Marquis never left him all the time he was at work, nor would he allow any one but himself to empty out the oak chest when the lock was repaired.

She looked pretty now for the first time in her life, and almost outshone her sister. Grand clothes and jewels became Fanny; and every day grand clothes and jewels were brought up the marble stairs to the little side door: if they went down again, they went down rustling upon her little person, and shining upon her neck and her fingers. The Marquis insisted upon providing her trousseau, and not only her trousseau, but Mrs. de Travers' wedding-garment and Anne's bridesmaid's dress. As for Fanny's old everyday gowns, they were much too shabby to be

given to the elegant ladies'-maid who was engaged to attend upon her. They were rolled up in a cupboard and put away. And so at first all seemed radiance and rainbows, and pink flames and flourish of trumpets. Every day the Marquis's equipage came champing and glittering to the side door of the palace. Every day Fanny and her mother, arrayed in their new splendours, stepped in, and drove off to the various shops where they made their purchases—to Bianchi's, to Castellani's, to Spillman's. Fanny had a passion for cakes and bonbons, and certain days in the week she had leave to order in an unlimited supply—on Sunday, on Monday, on Tuesday. Poor Fanny would have driven up to the pastrycook's door on Wednesday as usual, but Barbi, with a sudden frown, said,—“Not to-day, my little Fanny.” And so they went somewhere else instead. Sometimes they drove to see beautiful pictures and statues; sometimes they stood, with the rest of the carriages, on the Pincio, in a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols; sometimes they went for miles and miles across the Campagna. It would glow purple and beautiful. There was the story of the past written along the road, and the remembrance of a heroic age to make the silence of the plains more solemn than all the clattering of foreign trumpets and drums that they heard round about the fort of St. Angelo.

Anne rarely came with them. She kept to herself, and went her own way. People said she was disappointed, and that she had also hoped to secure the rich prize. They did her a cruel injustice. She shrunk from Barbi instinctively, from his bold ways and fierce wild looks. His dogged vehemence frightened her. He seemed to her unlike a gentleman at times, for all his grand courtly ways. She used to wander by herself in the garden, cry a little in secret, thinking of her sister's future, visit one or two of the poor people in the neighbourhood, go and pray in the church close by, attended by old Olympia. And yet, though Anne trembled, Fanny seemed happy. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were bright and flushed; she tried on all her clothes, and had one of the large painted pier-glasses carried up from the apartment below, the better to admire the cut of her trains.

One day a something—a nothing—happened that seemed to give substance to Anne's visions of ill. Barbi was absent. He had been summoned on business of importance. And the three ladies accepted an invitation they had received to join a party of sight-seers bent upon visiting the Coliseum by moonlight. They did not care for the people; but Fanny liked the moon, and Anne loved the old ruins; and Mrs. de Travers liked to be seen in Lady Castleairs' company, and so they went. Lady Castleairs kept them waiting, and it was a little late before they started. In one of the narrow streets they were further delayed by a long procession, of which they had heard the chanting in the distance, as they came driving along. Suddenly appeared a great dazzle of lights, at the top of the street. The two carriages drew up at a point where three streets met by a fountain; the servants uncovered, and Death,



and death in life, came slowly down between the houses; life making way for the solemn dirge to pass. Nearer and nearer came the lights and the voices of the funeral procession. They passed close by the company of sight-seers. The falling waters reflected the torches; loud and stunning came the chant; white choristers a-head, then the monks in their brown cowls carrying tapers; then the confraternity of the Pietà walking two by two, carrying the coffin, with their faces hidden by blue silken masks, and their bare feet in sandals. A dazzle of burning tapers followed, winding along the narrow street; people hurried to their windows to look; others crowded along the foot-way, kneeling and crossing themselves; incense and wax lights filled the air.

"How terrible it is!" said Fanny, awe-stricken. "Oh, mamma, let us go."

As she spoke she met the gaze of a tall masked brother, bearing a taper in his hand, and walking along with a somewhat freer and more stately step than the rest. Their eyes met for an instant. Fanny turned away.

"Go on! certainly, my dear," said Mrs. de Travers. "Drive on, coachman."

But the coachman, with a significant glance, raised his hat and said it would be as much as his place was worth to drive on a step until the procession had passed. And so they stood listening, as the chant echoed farther away along the slanting streets, and all was dark and silent again. But the Coliseum was lovely, and once there their spirits revived. The old place seemed alive with people, and the voices seemed to thrill more musically in the moonlight than by day. The party was so pleasant, that Fanny thought no more of the funeral. Red lights and torches were darting from one crumbling gallery to another; people were standing high among the ruins; their figures upraised against the starlight, and calling to their friends below. Fanny had sat down upon the step of the central cross. Her white dress shimmered in the clear moonlight; she was very silent for a time, then she started up and joined the others, and talked and chattered the loudest of them all. "What spirits the child has!" said Mrs. de Travers to Lady Castleairs. A pair of lovers wandering arm-in-arm in the radiance turned to look after the lady who was so soon to be the bride of the great Marchese Barbi.

"Ah, they have not to wait and work for years," said the young girl bitterly.

"Perhaps they don't care about each other as we do," said the young man, laughing; "and would not be sorry to wait."

They were all coming away, and had taken a last look at the place, and passed the sentries, but the carriages delayed, and Anne said to her sister, "Come back," and Fanny put her hand into hers with a strange gentleness, and followed her under the black arches where the sentries were pacing. The two girls hurried along, for fear their companions might be waiting. The great circle was empty now of voices and figures moving. It was not the place it had been only a moment before; but a

holy silver shrine, silent at last, deserted, intensely clear. As the sisters stood looking, still hand in hand, the two lovers, who had also lingered, passed by without seeing them in the black shadow of the archway. "Anima mia!" whispered the young man, as he passed. Anne could not hear the girl's answer, but she felt her sister's hand tremble in hers. It seemed to grow colder and colder as she held it still. That night she was awakened by a sob from Fanny's bed. Fanny said she had been dreaming. Was it so? or had she been awakening from a dream? However it might be, in the morning came a beautiful set of turquoises for Fanny's adornment, and she protested she was happy.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday went by. The Marquis came at twelve, and stayed all day till eleven o'clock at night, with the exception of the dinner-hour, for which he retired. Thursday morning Anne found her sister at half-past eleven o'clock in tears, ready dressed in one of her beautiful new dresses.

"It was nothing," Fanny said. "Why did Anne come worrying her? She must go away. The Marquis would be there. He would not like to find her." But as Anne turned away, hurt and annoyed, two arms were flung round her neck. "How can you expect me never to cry," says Fanny, with a stamp, "leaving you and my home for that great gloomy place downstairs, and that gloomy man?"

"Oh, Fanny," said Anne, horrified, "don't you love him? I—I hoped at least you loved him."

Fanny seemed to grow more angry than ever. "I love him well enough," she said, with a sudden fresh burst of tears; "only I no longer am able to do as I like. What is the good of marrying if one can't do as one likes?"

Did Fanny expect to do as she liked when she married Barbi? Jealous, narrow, exclusive,—a violent man, accustomed to rule and to dominate over all those who came in contact with him. There is nothing more curious than the dominion some persons now and then establish over others perhaps a hundred times cleverer, warmer-hearted, more tractable, wiser than themselves. A sheer strength of will seems sometimes to count for more in the commerce of life than all the grace, and accomplishment, and study, and good intention in the world. Barbi knew that there were very few people whom he could not rule. Fanny had charmed him, but that was no reason why she should not obey his wishes. Barbi had been attracted from the very moment when he first beheld her. Was it a likeness? It may have been so, and that to him Fanny was partly charming for some one else's sake. But now that she was engaged to him, she found that if she had been ruled before with rod of flax, it was a rod of iron now. She never seemed to be alone. He was always there; even when he was away, he seemed to be present,—always expecting her to be ready to talk to him, to listen to him, to admire him. Fanny, who, as we know, was an impatient and quick-witted person, found the hours grow longer and longer, the minutes turning into hours; there she sat in

her beautiful silk dress, with satin trimmings. There he sat opposite, with his blue chin, and his strangely frizzled black hair, and his dark, stupid features : yes, Anne began to grow seriously uneasy. Fanny still declared she was happy.

Mrs. de Travers was radiant, and bought a new purple satin. She somehow paid her bills, and yet had money in hand. She appeared with a nodding feather in her bonnet. People called to congratulate, although not in very great numbers. Lady Castleairs came and invited the Marquis to her evenings : he seemed pleased by the attention. An old lady who rented a quaint little apartment at the other end of the palace also called. Madame Riccabocca was her name. She had watched them with great interest, she said, from her window. Then she looked very kind and grave, and took both the girl's hands and sighed. "Oh, I hope you may be happy," she said : "I *hope* so!" Fanny was delighted by the congratulations, and when her old grandfather heard of the great match she was making, he sent over from Tourniquet Castle a handsome cheque for her trousseau. This, as Mrs. de Travers remarked, was rendered quite unnecessary by Barbi's liberality. She therefore kept it for some future occasion. The Marquis made no objection. But he looked very black at Madame Riccabocca when he met her.

Although Catholics, they had never been very strict in their religious observances, but Fanny now took to going to mass every morning, and also, when Friday came, she fasted with a rigour which greatly disturbed her mother. Barbi, who was sitting by (he was going down to his own dinner half-an-hour later), looked on, but said nothing. Next morning, however, when he came, he brought his Frances a magnificent diamond ring, which he placed on her finger.

"This has always belonged to a Marchioness Barbi," he said, saluting Fanny's blushing cheeks.

It was bad enough that Fanny should fast on Friday. Saturday, too, she abstained, although veal cutlets were her favourite dish, and old Olympia's *frittatura* was celebrated. Barbi was again present at their meal. He had dined early, he said, and excused himself from touching anything.

On Sunday morning came a handsome gold chain, and all sorts of delicious little cakes and pasties from Spillman's. Fanny clapped her hands like a child. Anne did not know what to think. Fanny often had those dreams at night, from which she started up, sobbing. Once, in the darkness, she cried out, "Anne, Anne, what *shall* I do?"

"Do?" cried Anne, starting up in bed. "Break off this horrid marriage. Dearest Fanny, don't cry. Send him away, and we will go and hide ourselves, and work, and be happy, or miserable. What will it matter, so long as we are together?" Fanny sobbed and sobbed, and did not answer.

In the morning, Anne came in to breakfast with her heart in her mouth, as people say. Fanny did not appear : her maid was curling her hair (since her engagement she had always had her breakfast sent in to

her). Mrs. de Travers was looking with some curiosity on a large smooth packet, that looked something like a nice flat loaf from the baker's, tied up in brown paper and white satin ribbon.

"What can it be?" said Mrs. de Travers. "Another splendid present, no doubt. Olympia, take them in to the Marchesa. Certainly, Fanny is a Most Fortunate girl, and I can only hope that you, my Anne, may be equally lucky."

"Oh, mamma," said Anne, "nothing would ever induce me to marry a man like the Marquis—not twice as many houses and diamonds. Oh, mamma, do you think Fanny is happy?"

"Happy!" cried Mrs. de Travers. "She is the happiest—most—most—most——"

Words failed Mrs. de Travers; but she added, severely, "I hope, Anne, you have not been putting any nonsense into her head?"

"Dear mamma," said Anne, bursting into tears and clasping her hands, "I *know* she is unhappy. Let us save her while it is time. If you had but heard the stories that I *know* to be true!"

Mrs. de Travers was so indignant that it was all she could do not to give her eldest daughter a shake.

"If ever I hear you say one word of this ungrateful, unnatural nonsense, I shall believe what people say of you, Anne, that you are jealous," cried the angry woman. "Stories, indeed! Who cares for stories? I am for deeds, not words," says Mrs. de Travers, with a glance at her new satin.

"Angelo told me of a poor peasant maiden who drowned herself," faltered Anne. "Madame Riccabocca, down below, says he deserted a girl on the eve of his marriage and broke his wife's heart. . . . Oh, mamma, question Fanny, I entreat you. She is miserable—I know she is," cried poor Anne. As she spoke, Fanny entered, radiant and resplendent, in rippling strings of great diamonds, each worth a moderate-sized house.

Fanny looked anything but miserable. She burst out into shrill laughter when her mother, also laughing, sarcastically told her of Anne's absurd nonsense. She said she must go down and thank "Ottavio" that instant for his splendid present, and she ran out of the room. Fanny knew the way, and hurrying along the endless suite, went to the door of the yellow room and tapped, without receiving an answer. But she heard some one stirring, and turning the handle of the door, she peeped in, and saw the Marquis, with his back to the door, bending over the old oak box in the window, which had once excited her curiosity. Seeing her there, he closed the lid suddenly, and came to the door. Fanny felt a little frightened when she found herself face to face with the Marquis, who came outside the door, closing it behind him. He looked agitated, pale, trembling. She could not think what was the matter with him.

"You here, Fanny?" he said, not unkindly, as he sometimes spoke, but in a hoarse, abrupt voice. "Leave me, child, leave me. I am occupied—I have business."

"I came to thank you for your splendid present," said Fanny.

"Why thank me?" said he. "I do not value those diamonds. Keep them—keep them—but leave me now."

He looked about; he seemed excited, and scarcely himself.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny, laying her hand on his arm; "something troubles you. Tell me what it is. What were you doing? You know I have a right to all your secrets now," she added, gaily.

As she spoke the thought came to her that, perhaps, if he would tell her more of himself, she might lose her fear of him. "You tell me so little," said Fanny.

"Tell you more!" said the Marquis. "You don't know what you say. My present from this date belongs to you. Do not seek to know what is past. See!" said he, pointing with some dignity, "all these things are open to you. All that is mine will be yours, Miss; but my own past," he added, "and the secrets of others, I warn you to leave them undisturbed." He had raised his voice. "I am too proud to use artifice, to conceal: I trust to your honour." The words seemed to echo from room to room.

Then he took her by the hand, conducted her in silence to the door of her mother's apartment, and left her. Fanny afterwards seemed to remember that a bell had been tolling all the time of their talk. When he joined them at the usual hour, he made no allusion to the morning; but as he took leave at night, he took her hand and held it tight and fierce in his great clasp.

"Miss Fanni," he said, "did you understand me to-day? Remember, I allow no questions concerning my private affairs." And he strode away.

No questions—how was that to be? One person and another came with scraps of gossip; hint after hint, almost wordless, perhaps, at first, but gathering shape as time went on. He had been twice four times married. He had been about to be married, and the marriage had been broken off at the last moment. He kept a death's-head and cross-bones in a box by his bed. There was no end to the stories which seemed to fall from every side, like the arrows of an unknown enemy.

Still Fanny persisted in her resolution.

Barbi had been gone three days, and since he had left the girls and their mother had come hither and thither, exploring every corner of the grand old place. They had looked at the title-deeds and patents lying in the great strong boxes, at the stores in the old cupboards. It is the custom in some Italian families, at the death of any one of the members, to carry off all their personal possessions—tapestries, china, valuable engravings—to store-rooms under the roof, where they lie unvisited and undisturbed as years go by. Barbi himself did not know of the prizes and possessions which the three ladies discovered during his absence: early Raphael drawings, sketches by Michael Angelo, a "Holy Family" by Correggio more beautiful than anything in the palace below. All

these things were waiting in the labyrinths up above for the future possessor who was to come and disinter them. Fanny tried to think of china and tapestry instead of crime and hidden mystery, and to be content with the sense of all these magnificent possessions, instead of the confidence of an undoubting heart. And yet she had rather have known the contents of a certain old oaken box than look through all these cupboards and galleries of rich possessions put together. But then she had got to think—she could not have told you why—that her betrothed had hidden his heart in that old oaken chest. One day—it was the last before Barbi's return—her mother had gone out for her daily drive, Anne was in the garden sunning and sighing,—the ladies'-maid was cross and worn out packing the enormous boxes—everything seemed like a dream and unreal, and Fanny felt dull and wandered into the great rooms below to reassure herself, I think, and to realize that Fate had indeed brought her to be mistress of this great estate.

She wandered down the marble flight, and found the great door of the great throne-room open wide, and old Angelo dusting as usual. Angelo did most of the work of the palace, for, rich as he was, the Marquis had come to Rome for a short time only; his home was in Florence, whither he proposed to take his bride. His dinner came in from the pastrycook's, his splendid saloons looked somewhat dingy and neglected, and he lived himself in the two little rooms at the very end, of which previous mention has been made.

Fanny was now more at home in the rooms below than she had been the first day she danced down them so merrily. To-day she no longer danced, but, on the contrary, walked with no little dignity with her Genoese velvet trailing half a yard after her. As she passed the great dais a foolish fancy took her to jump up and sit on the throne as she had seen the Marquis sitting that first day when they met. Here was a scene of triumph! Old Angelo looked up and bowed his old head over his duster. "Padrona," said he, respectfully. Fanny laughed, but at the same time pictured to herself all the élite of Roman society, Lady Castleairs among them, passing before her. There she would sit, and slightly bow her head. How they all would envy her and wish that they had been more kind. Then she pictured the Marquis with his diamond star sitting there beside her! Why did the thought of her future husband now always bring a chill along with it? At first it had seemed to her so great an honour to be noticed by him that a life's gratitude could scarcely repay it. And now already she began dimly to feel she had made a mistake, that a life is a terribly large sum which can only be paid by instalments—not all at once, but day by day. Fanny had begun to be afraid of herself. She loved her ease did this little woman, and to do her justice she had thought of her mother and sister as much as of herself. *Would it be ease?* thinks Fanny, leaning back among the cushions. Somehow a vision had haunted her of the young couple wandering arm-in-arm across the Coliseum, their shadows passing together over the moonlit pavement, their eyes upturned in happy ecstacy.



Was it so with her? Ah, no, no! It was no sentiment, no irresistible charm that had led her. Fanny did not dare own it to herself, she had scarcely realized it hitherto, but a bitter disappointment was hers. It was all hard, and cold, and dreary, notwithstanding the diamonds, the velvets, the four attendants promised for her use. Ah! why was this so? With a sudden impulse she tore off her beautiful diamond ring and threw it down; it did not fall farther than the cushions at her feet, where it lay sparkling.

Fanny, with a sigh, and yet ashamed of her childishness, stooped to pick it up once more, and slipped it on her finger. At the same time she saw that there was something lying beside the ring. It was a small bunch of keys on a chain made of worked steel, with a little coronet embossed. One of the keys was a quaint and old-fashioned looking specimen. Its handle was of steel, made into the pattern of two hearts entwined. No doubt the keys belonged to the Marquis, and that he had dropped them there. These were the keys about which he had been so much disturbed. Ah! how different he had seemed to her that first day from now! Why do people change? thought Fanny.—Why do we change ourselves, and grow fickle, and faithless, and then disturbed because we are travelling on with the universal progress!

"Why, Fanny, what are you doing?" said Anne, coming in.

Fanny jumped down, looking ashamed. "I am doing foolish things," she said, slipping the keys into her pocket.

She was still thoughtful: no wonder—a maiden on the eve of her marriage. She walked on along the rooms; her sister followed: they had come down the endless suite. Here was the door of the yellow room open wide, and that of the bed-room beyond. The servants left in charge had neglected to set things in order. Italian servants take their duties deliberately, and are apt to put them off till the evening. Anne flitted about. Fanny sat down by the table. Her heart was beating, and her cheeks were burning red, like two summer roses. Should she leave his secrets, and have done with them and with him? Should she go back and finish out the play? What was she doing? she kept asking herself: for what was she selling her youth? She had loved him a little, but her fear had overmastered her love, and now she only trembled at his coming. Would she take him if he were poor like herself? Ah! no, no, thought Fanny, wringing her hands.

Anne's back was turned, she was looking out into the courtyard from the open window.

A sudden impulse and determination to know the worst came over my heroine; like Catherine Morland, of well-known memory, she jumped up, sprang across the room, and put the key into the lock with a trembling hand. "Yes, I *will* know." Of what use were scruples when a whole life's peace was at stake? thought Fanny, desperately.

Anne turned with a little exclamation, as the old cabinet flew open. What was this—was this the mystery! The first thing that Fanny saw was a head without a body, two wild and frightened-looking eyes staring

back at her, and then two more, for Anne had come up, and was standing behind; and there was a looking-glass in the old oak lid, where the peasant maiden, to whom it had once belonged, had often smiled at herself, at her own bright eyes, and coral necklace: it only reflected her picture now hanging overhead!

Was this all! some half-dozen letters, out of one of which fell a lock of hair, some trinkets, a coral necklace, a diamond ring, with a broken coronet, a couple of cases for photographs: underneath all a peasant girl's dress neatly folded, and the blue hood of the Society of the Brothers of Piety.

Fanny pulled out the things one by one, and opened one of the photograph cases. "Oh, Anne, look here!" she said.

The case contained two pictures: one was the face of the maiden in the picture they had so often looked at, young and sweet and wistful, with great gentle beseeching eyes. Lucetta was written beneath it, with a date. The other was a wild wan wistful woman. Could it be the same? "*Addio*" was written beneath.

On the second case was a coronet, and within was a long melancholy hatchet-face, with "*Marchesa Barbi, née Mangiascudi*" written in Barbi's own handwriting. Fanny found a third portrait in this curious receptacle of the Marquis's reminiscences. It was her own: as she had given it to him, in a little oval frame; beside it lay a glove she had lost one night upon the staircase, and a long iron chain rusted in places, with spikes.

Fanny knelt absorbed in her investigations. She had forgotten that it was wrong. It seemed to her as if the one thing she cared about in all the world was the truth. There lay the packet of little, cramped, yet legibly written letters, and with trembling hands she began to open them.

"Oh, Fanny, don't," Anne said, faintly. But Anne, with all her sweetness, was human.

Fanny glanced at the letters. They seemed to be the love-letters of some village-girl. She was expecting him,—when was he coming back? life without him was not worth living. All was ready for their marriage; the parents had consented. Then came a wife's letters. She had seen him go with a failing heart; she trembled that harm might befall him: but he had been summoned by the learned doctors to claim his inheritance: he had been right to go. The third letter, dated long after, implored him with many, many loving words, to return. Where was he? had he forgotten his wife, his home? No; for money had come, precious gifts, a beautiful coral such as she had longed for; but she wanted no gifts, she wanted him—she was ill—she was anxious and foolish; she sent him her picture, was she not changed? but ever his faithful longing Lucetta.

Fanny nervously turned on to the last letter in the packet, for she seemed to hear a tramp of horses and sounds in the court below. Anne ran to the window, and came back crying that it was him, she knew it was. Fanny scarcely heard her. It was a terrible letter. It called on

Heaven to forgive him his crime. What, being married already, he had basely deserted his wife, and united himself to another unhappy woman, also deceived, also broken-hearted! He had been ashamed (perhaps it was no wonder!), in his high estate, of owning to his humble home in the village. "The thought of his sin," said Lucetta, "was more than she could bear. She had prayed, she had suffered penance. Every day she lived his sin was the greater, she said. She would live no longer. She sent him a last, last, last farewell. She would fain see him once again, and should stand at the door of his palace when he drove by, and then, she said, her life's dream would be ended. She should die for him, and she felt that it was no crime to hide herself for ever in the flowing river."

Underneath, in a different hand, was written:—"Opened by me, Sibilla di Mangiascudi—disgraced, insulted, and deceived."

Fanny had not been mistaken when she heard carriage-wheels, and voices coming along the rooms.

"Listen! they are coming. It is the Marquis," cried Anne, desperate and running to the door of the room, and pushing it.

Fanny did not lose her presence of mind.

"Go down into the garden," she said, "through the bed-room. Quick! I will follow."

She was quite calm. She felt that the crisis had come. She hastily threw back the things, closed the box, locked it, and stood there with quivering lips as the door opened and Barbi came in. He looked darker and more gloomy than ever.

"What are you doing here?" he said, abruptly. But Fanny did not answer. "What have you there?" he asked again, advancing.

Fanny answered nothing, but slowly raised her hand and gave him the keys, without a word. Then she gave a scream, for he seized her little wrist with such a grip that the blood came starting where the diamond-ring cut her fingers, and as he took the keys into his hand he saw that the double heart handle was stained.

"What is that?" he said, almost wildly. "Who gave them to you? Who are you that you pry into my secrets, and throw my sacred relics under foot?" And he pointed to the peasant's handkerchief that Fanny, in her haste, had left upon the floor. He seemed half beside himself.

"You, too, shall die," he said. "She did not deserve it, but another woman before you burst open my sacred past, and she died of shame and a broken heart. Ah, Fanni, Fanni, I thought you at least would have obeyed me."

His eyes were so strange that Fanny thought his reason must be affected, but it was not so—he was superstitious to an extraordinary degree, but perfectly sane.

"Your life henceforth," he said, "will be embittered as mine is, and haunted by her memory, and saddened by penance. Ah, Fanni, Fanni, what have you done? You have undone us both."

"Yes," said Fanny, trembling very much. "You are right. I cannot

marry you now. I beg your pardon. I should not have read your letters. I am an ungrateful little creature, forgive me. Good-by."

"Good-by!" shouted Barbi, who seemed half out of himself—in a sort of frenzy. "You know my secrets—you are mine! You have promised—you are mine! I do not let you go! Do you think you deserve no punishment for your treachery?"

He was in a fury, and stamped and looked so wild and so terrible that Fanny, frightened out of her wits, started away.

"I do not let you go! I do not let you out of my sight till we are married!" said Barbi, striding after her; but, with a sudden spring, she ran into the bed-room, the door of which Anne was holding open, and the two girls banged it in his face. He seemed to them capable of killing Fanny on the spot.

"Anne, Anne! What are we to do? Can we get out by the garden?" said Fanny, pointing to the staircase door.

"It is locked. The lower door is locked," said Anne, wringing her hands. A tremendous thundering blow upon the door made the two girls start again. "Let us call for help," said Fanny. "Yes, yes, I'm here," she cried to Barbi, to quiet him, for every minute she thought the door would come down. "Go to the staircase-window, Anne, and see if you can get at any help."

"Let me in!" said Barbi, with another tremendous blow.

"I beseech you be calm," cried Fanny. "I will come if you will be calm. You frighten me."

"You deserve it!" shouted Bluebeard, furiously.

"Anne, do you see any one?" said Fanny, running to the head of the stairs.

"I see a cloud of dust. They are beating carpets in the garden," said Anne. "But, oh! they won't look up."

Again the door shook on its hinges.

"Anne, I shall die," said Fanny, crying. "Do call out—scream! he will kill us."

"Here are two Brothers of the Pietà," cried Anne, "coming slowly along the terrace-walk. If I could but make them hear . . . That bell will drown my voice. Help! help!" she cried. Then she came running in, pale and trembling. "They hear me! They have got the key of the garden-door," she said.

At the sound of the bell, Barbi's blows had suddenly increased.

"Let me through, let me through!" he cried violently.

Suddenly the door opened wide—the two members of the confraternity stood before him.

"Come!" they said. "Do you not hear the summons?"

Barbi hastily pulled his blue mask over his face. And while Anne and her sister stood clinging to each other in tears, the three walked slowly away.

## A Garden Reberie.

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I HEAR the sweeping fitful breeze  
 This early night in June ;  
 I hear the rustling of the trees  
 That had no voice at noon :  
 Clouds brood, and rain will soon come down  
 To gladden all the panting town  
 With the cool melody that beats  
 Upon the busy dusty streets.

But in this space of narrow ground  
 We call a garden here—  
 Because less loudly falls the sound  
 Of traffic on the ear,  
 Because its faded grass-plot shows  
 One hawthorn tree, which each May blows,  
 Whereon the birds in early Spring  
 At sun-dawn and at sun-down sing—

I muse alone. A rose-tree twines  
 About the brown brick wall,  
 Which strives, when Summer's glory shines,  
 To gladden at its festival,  
 Yet lets upon the path beneath  
 Such pale leaves drop as I would wreath  
 Around a portrait that to me  
 Is all my soul's divinity.

A face in no wise proud or grand,  
 But strange, and sad and fair ;  
 A maiden twining round her hand  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 While in her deep pathetic eyes  
 The light of coming trouble lies,  
 As on some silent sea and warm  
 The shadow of a coming storm.

From those still lips shall no more flow  
 The tones that, in excess  
 Of tremulous love, touched more on woe  
 Than quiet happiness,  
 When my arms strained her in a grasp  
 That sought her very soul to clasp,  
 When my hand pressed that hand most fair  
 That holds but now a tress of hair.

How look, this breezy Summer night,  
 The places that we knew  
 When all the hills were flushed with light  
 And July seas were blue ?  
 Does the wind eddy through our wood  
 As through this garden solitude ?  
 Do the same trees their branches toss  
 The undulating wind across ?

What feet tread paths that now no more  
 Our feet together tread ?  
 How in the twilight looks the shore ?  
 Is still the sea outspread  
 Beneath the sky, a silent plain  
 Of silver lights that wax and wane ?  
 What ships go sailing by the strand  
 Of that fair consecrated land ?

How hard it is to realize  
 That I no more shall hear  
 The music of thy low replies,  
 As those deep eyes and clear  
 Once looked in my faint eyes until  
 I felt the burning colour fill  
 My face, because my spirit caught  
 In that long gaze thine inmost thought.

Alas ! what voice shall now reply ?  
 Not thine, arrested gale  
 That 'neath the dark and pregnant sky  
 Subsided to a wail.  
 On dusty city, silent plain,  
 And on thy village grave the rain  
 Comes down, while I to-night shall jest  
 And hide a secret in my breast.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.



## “Professionals” Abroad.

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THERE is a strange class of roaming “artistes”—singers, players, conjurors—of whose life and adventures nothing is ever heard, though they are curious and interesting enough. These performers—they call themselves “professionals” generally—are to be met with abroad wherever the English language is spoken, and where it is not. I do not speak of those bright particular stars which, after shining over Europe, go to illuminate the Western Hemisphere. The people of the United States not only tempt our greatest singers, actors, and musicians to cross the Atlantic, but they supply us with others equally good; while in the larger cities of South America operatic and dramatic companies have been regular institutions for many years. I am not thinking of the New World but of the oldest part of the Old World, which ten years ago was scarcely ever visited by such companies, but which is now overrun by performers of every description, from the *prima donna* of European reputation down to dog and monkey troupes. Not very long ago, when people had to double the Cape, they went, before sailing, through a long round of public amusements, in the belief that they would have no such enjoyments again till they returned. The necessity for undergoing such a pleasurable penance is no longer considerable.

It was not till after the discovery of gold in Australia in 1851 that artistes (we must allow them that barbarous name) of any eminence thought it worth while to go to the antipodes to display their genius or profit by their accomplishments. Before that event, a few had made their way to California; but a popular favourite who had been lucky enough to make a little fortune in the valley of the Sacramento, did not dream of going to Botany Bay to spend it. When, however, nearly three years after the Californian discovery, news reached St. Francisco that the precious metal had also been found in New South Wales, back rushed the thousands of Australians to the more genial clime they had deserted. Then came a great time for small performers, many of whom would never have been performers at all but for the greatness of the time. The diggers, intoxicated at suddenly finding themselves in the possession of immense wealth, sought refuge from their own madness in every possible variety of amusement, recreation, dissipation. The parents of young women who had hitherto followed the useful occupations of bonnet-making, all at once discovered that their daughters had fine voices; quiet shopmen, members of serious families, suddenly developed an inimitable talent for comic singing; fifth-rate opera-singers, deserters perhaps from

a Mauritius or Batavian troupe, were delighted, if not always astonished, to find themselves stars of the first magnitude. No charge was made for admission to the singing-saloons at which these people appeared, the profits on the drink consumed by the diggers and their friends being so large that the proprietor could afford to pay his performers enormous salaries. And besides what they were paid by their employers, favourites—and everybody has his or her admirers—would frequently receive valuable presents from the diggers; for in that golden time nuggets were more plentiful than bouquets. But by-and-by, really good artistes, such as Catherine Hayes, and Miska Hauser, the Hungarian violinist, visited Australia, and made money; and soon a popular manager went to Europe, and returned not only with some good performers, but with an iron theatre for them to appear in. From that time Australia has been a profitable field for such adventure; and it is principally from that continent, not from Europe, that the East receives its supplies of musical, dramatic, and other travelling troupes, so that at the present moment there is hardly a settled Eastern port, or a place at which a company of British soldiers has been stationed, that has not been entertained at some time or another by these wanderers.

What becomes of them at last is an obscure question. Of those I have met some have passed away to other places, some to another world. These companies are often disorganized, and re-organized. A few successful men and women have retired on their gains and their laurels; some, not so successful, but more ambitious, perhaps, have returned to Europe, content to stand and wait at the great banquet of art, rather than to prosper for an hour in some distant settlement in Asia; while others, finding how good is buying and selling, have settled down to shop-keeping, auctioneering, or some other useful occupation. One of their most striking characteristics is, that they do not confine themselves to the highways of the world, as one would think travellers *with* amusement would, but roam into all sorts of by-paths, as if they only travelled *for* amusement. They are by no means always content with keeping to the seaboard, and stopping at the principal ports, but roam far away in the interior, where one would think they would find nothing more profitable than experience of the inconveniences of travel. I myself have met them picknicking on the top of Pedro-Talla-Galla; drawing sweepstakes in the Happy Valley at Hong Kong; dancing at the Queen's Birthday ball in Adelaide, and with lunatics at the Yarra Bend Asylum near Melbourne; taming horses à la Rarey and taking restorative drams afterwards at Colombo; lecturing on electro-biology to New Zealand gold-diggers at Dunedin; amusing his Siamese Majesty with performing dogs and monkeys at Bangkok; playing violin variations on "Taza ba taza" in the John Lawrence Hall at Lahore, and Gounod's "Meditation on Bach's First Prelude" in the Masonic Hall at Kurrachee; taking a constitutional on the Bund at Shanghai; gathering ferns on Mount Wellington in Tasmania; celebrating the departure of a lucky speculator in Back Bay

shares in Bombay ; camping out in the Karroo at the Cape ; trying their voices in the Taj Mahal at Agra ; drinking whisky-punch by a large wood fire on the banks of the Indus by moonlight ; smoking in Camoens' garden, at Macao ; bargaining with silk-workers in Peshawur, shawl-dealers in Loodiana, and ivory-painters in the Chundny Chowk at Delhi ; enjoying the *dolce far niente* in the Sandwich Islands ; dining with Spanish priests at Manilla, and with Swedenborgians at Graaf Reinet ; eating mangosteens in Penang, and game-pies at Tien-tsin ; feeding the sacred crocodiles at Muggar Poor in hot and sandy Scinde ; chatting with the missionaries and their wives at Foo-chow-foo ; boating in the delightful harbour of Port Jackson ; curio-hunting in Yokohama ; contemplating Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena ; conjuring for the amusement of the enthusiastic merchants of Batavia ; dancing what is called the silver-belt jig, with the thermometer at about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, at Singapore ; trying to preserve their vivacity by drinking absinthe among the savages of New Caledonia. In short, wherever I have been east of the Cape of Good Hope, I have met some kind of professionals either sojourning, or *en route*, voyaging at sea in large ships or small, or travelling on land by railroad and *dak gharree*, on horseback, in sampans, dandy dhoolie, palankeen, and sedan-chair ; in buggy, tent-cart, stage-coach, and omnibus ; by bullock-train and mule-waggon, and even on the back of commissariat elephants.

It is not to be supposed, however, that theirs is a careless and quite charming life. On the contrary, these roaming ministers of pleasure have many weary days, many profitless journeys, many long disappointments ; and there are certain dangers in their roving too.

Several years ago, in Shanghai, I saw an Armenian conjuror performing his tricks close to the cemetery, in the middle of the cholera season, when the man you met at breakfast was sometimes under ground before dinner. At Nagasaki, about the same time, when the residents on going to bed were not at all sure they would not be murdered before morning, the only European lady in the settlement was a vocalist. Two years ago, in the Cape Colony, two of the brethren, who professed to have crossed several oceans in their desire to gratify a Cape audience, were drowned in crossing one of the numerous bridgeless rivers in that colony ; and about the same time, in the Orange Free State, during the war between the Republicans and the Basutos, an English concert-company had a narrow escape of being massacred by the Kaffirs. At the last rebellion in Burmah, when the British Commissioner and the residents retired from Mandelay, the only Englishman who remained with the rebels was an actor. A few years before, this same man, having shot a native whom he had discovered intriguing with his wife, was tried for his life in Bombay, and being acquitted, played " Claude Melnotte " the same evening, in a house crowded to the ceiling. Once at Agra, when the cholera was decimating the garrison, a travelling circus company was engaged by the commandant to assist in cheering the spirits of the troops ; and,

accordingly, the riders, acrobats, and clowns continued their dance of death as long as a sufficient number of them survived to give a tolerable performance. When, after the storming of Kagosima, the allied fleet under Admiral Kuper returned to Yokohama, there entered the harbour a few hours afterwards a musical company, which had been caught in the typhoon on the edge of which the attack was made, and in which many vessels went down. In the height of the last fever at the Mauritius, the theatre at Port Louis was occupied on alternate nights by a French operatic and a dramatic company, when mourning was almost the only wear, and when the private boxes were engaged several days in advance, because from them visitors could see without being seen. In the accounts of the bush-fires in the Cape Colony last year, some poor harpers were said to have been amongst the sufferers. I recall many similar disasters, and more than one instance of death or disappearance in far distant, half-barbarous lands. Mere unhealthiness of climate is little considered: unhealthy climates generally pay, if you can live in them. In some this is not an easy business. A French impresario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and for the first few days all the members of the company were sea-sick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Accordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck, they commenced to try their voices, and amongst them the tenor, who, always anxious to occupy a distinguished position, went on the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing an echo of his own voice—another tenor. His amazement became disgust when he heard a third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward, and saw two men eyeing him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft, and saw two more men similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin, and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that *he* was to be his only tenor. "I know, I know," replied the manager; "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before, or you would understand. When we arrive there, the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe, two of you will probably be carried off before you land, and two more during the rehearsals. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor." Perhaps the most curious fate that ever overtook a company was that which befel a small theatrical troupe which arrived at Hong Kong from California in the winter of 1863, consisting of an actor, two actresses, and a little female dancer. One of the actresses died of cholera in Shanghai; the other died in a cab on her way to the hospital at Rangoon; the solitary actor joined the Taeping rebels at Amoy and had his head cut off by his own party on suspicion of treachery; and *la petite Cerito*, as she was called, was placed in a convent at Moulmein: which some people will perhaps consider the worst fate of all.

Considering all these risks, it may reasonably be assumed that travelling in these remote countries is found very profitable. In most instances this is probably the case. I say probably, for a manager's statements as to the business he is doing must always be received with caution. A new company is usually well received; the tickets are sold at high prices, and in most foreign settlements the first night of a company with a good reputation is a more important event than the opening of the Italian Opera House in London. Want of success is generally due to the presentation of entertainments unsuited to particular communities. Inexperienced managers, to overcome this difficulty, and with the view of pleasing varied tastes, have formed mixed companies. I remember, for instance, once meeting a "musical and magical troupe." The members of the troupe were all good in their way; but the project was a failure, for the conjuror exhausted his repertoire long before the musicians had sensibly diminished theirs. Panoramas and "entertainments," as they are called, seldom pay: few communities of Europeans abroad are numerous enough to yield a considerable number of different audiences. A circus is usually a good speculation in the last. Both the ordinary and travelling expenses are heavy, but a circus is largely supported by natives, while at other entertainments the audiences consist exclusively of Europeans and Eurasians. Perhaps the safest company to travel with is a musical company. The reason is obvious—it appeals to all sorts and conditions of men; and in limited communities the patronage of no class can be dispensed with. To dramatic performances many people object on religious grounds; besides which, a dramatic company, to be independent of amateur assistance, must consist of more members than, in countries where travelling is costly, it would be safe to engage; and if one or two of the performers are passably good, the rest are so irredeemably bad that they spoil every piece in which they take part. Dramatic companies, again, in order to appear to advantage, require a theatre, a class of building which many places in the East do not possess. For general entertainments any place will do. I have witnessed them abroad in theatres, assembly-rooms, exchanges, court-houses, an executive council-chamber, school-rooms, convents, town-halls, markets, barracks, masonic halls, libraries, officers' mess-rooms, coffee-stores, godowns, private houses, mechanics' institutes, public gardens, club-houses, rest-houses, and on board ship.

Perhaps it is a knowledge of the encouragement usually accorded to musical entertainments in the Far East that induces so many clever instrumentalists to try their fortune single-handed in those remote countries. A solitary musician may frequently be met with, and doing well; a solitary actor hardly ever, and then doing badly. The reason is obvious. The tragedy of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark would, of course, be imperfect, but not more so than *Hamlet* with nobody besides the Prince of Denmark, no king or queen, no ghost, no courtiers, no grave-diggers. Sometimes, in Europe, an eminent actor or actress forsakes the stage for the platform, and when not engaged in public

readings, undertakes to instruct clergymen, political disputants, and lawyers in elocution. No such dignified retreat is open to a disappointed actor in the East, where the European inhabitants firmly set their faces against anything of a high and dry order. Even ministers of religion must not improve the occasion too often. A ball, a good concert, or a lively dramatic performance, if you like; but no instruction, or, at any rate, not such as could be imparted by some wandering star "from the Theatres Royal Glasgow, Liverpool, and Drury Lane." The thing has been tried. Some six years ago a young English vocalist wished to give a farewell benefit concert in Shanghai, where she had already given more than a score of ordinary concerts; and as she had at various times obtained all the "patronage" which the settlement afforded as pretexts for giving "one more night," she on this occasion secured the gratuitous assistance of the only "professional" then in the place,—an actor who had formerly served under Mr. Macready, at Covent Garden. This gentleman promised to give, between the two parts of the concert, a reading from the play of *Richelieu*, and as he was well known in the settlement, his appearance on the platform was greeted with considerable applause; but when the elocutionist, at some length, prefaced his reading with an abstract of the history of France under Louis XIII., the whole audience gave way to laughter, and gradually, to a man, retired for refreshment. A similar incident occurred at Hong Kong, where a lecturer announced a magic-lantern entertainment in the mat theatre there. He never got beyond his opening sentence, which was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen,—The world is divided into four quarters—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." The novelty and suddenness of this intelligence had such a peculiar effect upon the audience, that a tremendous roar of laughter was followed by a unanimous rush to the doors.

In Great Britain and America, hundreds of people get a living by giving elocutionary entertainments, delivering literary and scientific lectures, exhibiting dissolving views, &c.; in the East the composition of society forbids success in any such undertaking. In the first place, almost everybody is educated; and in the next place, people feel little inclination to be serious about anything except dollars.

The musician is more fortunate there. Twenty years ago, some "pupil of the immortal Paganini" had only to start off for India with his fiddle, and after making himself known, his only difficulty was in deciding whose hospitality he should accept. Concerts would be organized, of which all the ladies and gentlemen of a station who did anything at all in a musical way, would assist; there would be no expenses for him; and the whole of the receipts, often amounting to hundreds of rupees, would go to the enterprising artist whose visit had been the means of enlivening, for two or three evenings, the dreary monotony of a Mofussil station. But times change. A railway connects the new and ancient capitals of India; English society has ceased to be an exclusive corporation; interlopers abound; and officers' and civilians' wives no



longer care to accompany a roving fiddler or display their vocal talent before a mixed audience. Even now, however, solitary musicians do manage to make the tour of India. Not long since I met an oboe-player at Peshawur, nearly 1,600 miles from Calcutta.

In China I came across another wanderer who could not even play the oboe or any other instrument; his entire stock in trade consisted of a coarse bass voice, great assurance, and a variety of expedients for inducing a first belief that he had a good voice, such as testing the acoustic properties of a room by bellowing in the four corners of it, suggesting the erection of a sounding-board, &c. But he never could persuade people to go and hear him a second time. This was a serious obstacle to his success. To overcome it, the eccentric basso, at every place he visited, announced a series of four concerts, the tickets for the series being at a considerably reduced price. By this plan he generally obtained a handsome sum at starting; but this was not the only gratifying result; he never had to exert himself twice for the money. Two or three loungers would drop in on the second night, to whom the unfortunate vocalist would gracefully advance, and after dilating upon the absence of musical taste amongst the English generally, would conclude by suggesting that his audience of three had better come and have a cigar. To the third concert nobody at all went, not even the basso himself.

Adventurers, however, like these are happily the exception. Artists who have been extolled in the feuilletons of the Paris press, and who have been listened to with breathless attention in German and Russian salons, occasionally go on oriental tours. Sometimes it is a violinist, or pianist, or violoncellist alone; sometimes two instrumentalists in company. But as a rule, these, no matter how accomplished they may be, seldom make money. To give a concert they must obtain amateur assistance, which, however, is not generally a difficult matter, for they usually take out with them numerous letters of introduction. These secure for them the acquaintance of the best known amateurs; and they are invited to more evening-parties, "with a little music," than is agreeable or profitable. Besides, in this way a month may pass before they have their concerts, during which time they run up a considerable hotel bill. Moreover, ability and reputation do not alone suffice to equip such adventurers in the East. They must possess other recommendations—recommendations which they may once have had, but which, through no fault of their own, they may possess no longer. One of these indispensable requisites is youth. On the stage of large European theatres a woman of sixty can often make herself look like a woman of thirty, and off the stage few people ever see her at all; but in Eastern assembly-rooms the orchestra and the auditory are frequently so close together that the visitors can shake hands with the performers, and you are continually meeting the latter at their hotel or in society. But if old or even middle-aged ladies are not welcomed enthusiastically, young ladies are received with open arms. With the exception of one troupe of Ethiopian minstrels, who enjoyed a special advantage

of another kind, I never knew a company to make money in the East that did not include one or two young female performers. And this is not astonishing. Even in Europe men often go mad about a favourite actress or vocalist—in Europe, where the sex predominates. What, then, must be the rage about such a favourite in a community where ladies form eight or ten per cent. of the population, which is sometimes the proportion in new Eastern settlements. The society in Shanghai, in its first and most prosperous days, did not include a dozen ladies; and the consequence was that female performers who then visited the place, whether singers, actresses, or equestrians, were burdened with costly presents, made the heroines of picnics and suppers, and on a benefit night have been known to receive as much as 1,500 dollars. A circus-proprietor might as well appear without horses in his troupe as without women-riders.

The difficulty, however, with respect to ladies is not so much in the engaging as in the keeping of them. A manager may start on a tour with a perfect company; but at the first place he visits his principal female performer marries, and ruin stares him in the face. To avoid such a catastrophe, managers try to engage married couples, although the lady generally continues to appear as Miss, or Mademoiselle: she is thought to "draw" better as a single person. But the manager is then liable to an inconvenience of an opposite character: instead of suffering from a diminution in his forces, his business is brought to a standstill in consequence of an increase. The "severe indisposition" of a female performer is frequently a much more serious affliction for the unfortunate manager than for the lady herself.

Ladies, too, are, of course, much more liable to be placed *hors de combat* by climatic influences than men, although the effects of climate in some countries even extend to inanimate objects. Ceylon, for instance, is a very bad climate for musical instruments. On entering a house in that lovely island, it is a common thing to see a piano standing in saucers of water. This is to prevent the white ants from getting into the instrument. But a still greater annoyance—at least, so far as the performer is concerned—is produced by the excessive dampness of the climate, which causes some of the keys to remain down when touched, so that they give no sound. To prevent an accident of this sort, the "action" of the piano is sometimes taken out and placed in the sun for a short time, when there is to be a concert or a musical party; but notwithstanding this precaution, some of the keys may stick in the evening, and the effect of a brilliant solo played under these circumstances is exceedingly comical. The consequences of extreme humidity of climate are, however, still more serious as regards stringed instruments, which literally fall to pieces in Ceylon, the common glue of Europe losing all its tenacity in those latitudes. Many a concert has had to be postponed from this cause, for, of course, an eminent violinist would laugh at the suggestion that he should perform on any instrument but his own, which has always cost a very large sum of money, and to which some romantic history is usually attached. His

violin is accordingly put together again, and as there are no competent musical instrument makers in those countries, it is often irreparably damaged in the process. To save himself from this misfortune, a fiddler on a long tour will sometimes send his instrument to Europe to be put in order, and, in the meantime, play on any fiddle procurable. To obtain the use of a really good substitute is generally impossible. It is just as difficult to replace an artiste in these distant countries; and the knowledge of this fact not seldom renders "professionals," especially ladies, still more arrogant and impracticable than they are at home.

But, in truth, the life of a roving manager is a succession of difficulties and anxieties. The worst disaster of all that can happen to him is to arrive in a place when the field is already fully occupied. But even if he is fortunate enough to find a clear field, he may have a great deal to do before he can commence operations. Instead of finding a theatre, he may obtain nothing more than a shed, without fittings of any kind. In such a case, his best course is to buy or hire everything he wants, by no means to borrow: if he once commences the latter course, it may prove very costly, as the following story shows.

A manager was once travelling in Tasmania with a "combined elocutionary and musical entertainment"—a shining light of the company being a Scotch actress. Prior to leaving Hobart Town, the company had been advised that the coach to Launceston would stop at a place called Wheatlands; and the inhabitants of Wheatlands were said to be very nice people, who would probably attend *en masse* if the company would only stop there a night. Notice was accordingly sent that the company would give an entertainment there, and on the day appointed they alighted at Wheatlands and divided themselves between the two hotels of the place. Where there are two hotels companies usually separate in this way, in order not to make an enemy of either of the hotel proprietors. Dinner was ordered, and the manager went to look at the court-house, where the concert was to be given, and which he found would contain no more than about eighty people. Having introduced himself to the clerk of the peace, that gentleman expressed the pleasure with which the justices had granted the use of the court-house to so celebrated a company; and, as for himself, he would be only too happy to do anything in his power to assist them, nor would he even accept a ticket for his trouble. "I couldn't think of such a thing," he said; "but if you will excuse my making the suggestion, I think it would be as well perhaps to send a family ticket to the stipendiary magistrate and each of the justices living in the town—there are only three of them here, the rest are on their farms. But as for myself, the court-house is so small, that I would not, for the world, take up any room. I, with my wife and family, will sit in my office. We can hear just as well there, and as for seeing the performers, why I have had that pleasure already." Now it happened that the clerk's office had already been fixed upon by the manager as the dressing or retiring room for the ladies of his company.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but (with many apologies for turning him out of his own office) to present a family ticket to the clerk, as well as to the magistrate and the three resident justices. Now in the mother-country perhaps five is about the average number of a family, but in Tasmania eight is nearer the average. At this rate here were forty people to be provided for, half the audience in fact, and this was relying upon the honour of the magistracy that they would not introduce any friends of their families. However, there was no use in thinking about it, and the manager proceeded to obtain a piano. He had not far to go. The lady next door had what she was pleased to call a piano. It was too old and dilapidated to make even a serviceable table; but the manager declared it would do admirably (it was now getting late). Its owner supposed there would be no objection to make the acknowledgment she usually received when she lent her piano. What was that? A family ticket. Certainly not. And the number of Madame's family might be — ? Eight; but just then she had a friend from the country staying with her, whom of course she could not leave at home, so we would say nine.  $40 + 9 = 49$ . Places were being taken rapidly. It was necessary at once to provide seats, for beyond a bench at the barristers' table, and two in the jury-box, which were fixtures, there was not a seat in the place. It was understood, however, that there would be no difficulty in borrowing a supply from the boys' and the girls' school in the village. It was explained to the manager, that to prevent jealousy it would be better to borrow a few from each. He promised to do so, and he found both the master and the mistress very agreeable people. They willingly lent their benches, and refused to accept a complimentary ticket for the concert, merely stipulating that twelve of their senior scholars should be allowed to go. It was impossible to refuse the boys, for they carried the girls' forms, as well as their own, to the court-house; and, after giving tickets to the boys, it would have been cruel to refuse the girls.  $49 + 12 + 12 = 73$ .

The manager was standing at the door of the court-house, calculating what would probably be the profits of the evening's entertainment, when he was accosted by a stout gentleman in black, whom he rightly guessed to be a Wesleyan minister, and who, understanding that a member of the company was an admirable harmonium player, expressed his surprise at not seeing any harmonium in the court-house. The minister added that he and all his family had intended to come to the concert on purpose to hear the harmonium well played, whereas, if there was no harmonium— The manager expressed his regret, adding that he did not know there was an harmonium in the place. "I have one," said the minister, "and I shall not only have much pleasure in lending it to you, but I will send some men over with it. You can let me have tickets for my family, and I will arrange with you after the concert." The experienced manager had a shrewd idea what that arrangement would come to, and, knowing that Wesleyan ministers' families are usually above the average, he was

not surprised when, in answer to an inquiry on that head, the minister replied that his family consisted of ten. It would have been impolite to refuse the minister's handsome offer, and so the harmonium was exchanged for a family ticket for ten.  $78 + 10 = 88$ . The face of the manager now underwent a sudden and agreeable change. He calculated no longer. A full house was certain, and there would be no necessity to engage money-takers. He had nearly forgotten one thing—lights; but he was spared all anxiety on that point by the chief constable coming to assure him that the constables would obtain enough candles and candlesticks if he would just let them pass into the concert with their wives. The manager replied that, not only might the entire police-force come, but that, if the superintendent would only give permission, the convicts might come too. Advantage was not taken of this liberal offer; but the house was crowded with a delighted audience, and next day the performers were pressed on all sides to repeat their charming entertainment. They said they would certainly do so—whenever they happened to pass that way again.

It is not often, however, that an audience consists entirely of the holders of complimentary tickets; but many have often to be distributed as an acknowledgment for the loan of a piano, of seats, and other less necessary apparatus. It would be difficult to hire a sufficient number of chairs for a public entertainment in the Mofussil, but there, on the other hand, it is not necessary to borrow: in India everybody sends his own chair. On the day of performance, it is customary to see native servants and coolies walking about the station with chairs on their heads; and from the larger or smaller number of these appearances visible for two or three hours before the time of commencement, the company know whether to expect a full house or not. In the same way the public's opinion of the entertainment may be learned by going down to the theatre about nine o'clock next morning. If the audience was pleased, nearly all the chairs will still be there: their owners intend to come to the next performance. If many have been sent for, then the company had better think of moving on.

In conclusion, I may state that no amusements are tolerated in the East of an indecent or immoral nature. In Australia, Catherine Hayes made a fortune; Lola Montes was a dead failure. In Calcutta, not long since, a German *danseuse* made her *début* and her farewell appearance in the Town Hall on the same evening: the authorities prohibited a second appearance, and yet she wore an amount of clothing which on the stage at home at this period would be considered abundant. In Bombay, some people declined to subscribe to the Italian opera, on the ground that it was improper for a woman to appear, for instance, as "Maffeo" in *Lucrezia*—a singular objection, as was pointed out at the time, to be taken in an Indian city, where the natives frequently go about nearly naked.

## Lord Kilgobbin.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.



HEN Atlee quitted Walpole's room, he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. This sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savour of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a tuft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so, I'll only say, you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even

the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard, to find a messenger to despatch to Kilgobbin for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavouring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp of a drizzling night without the prompting of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

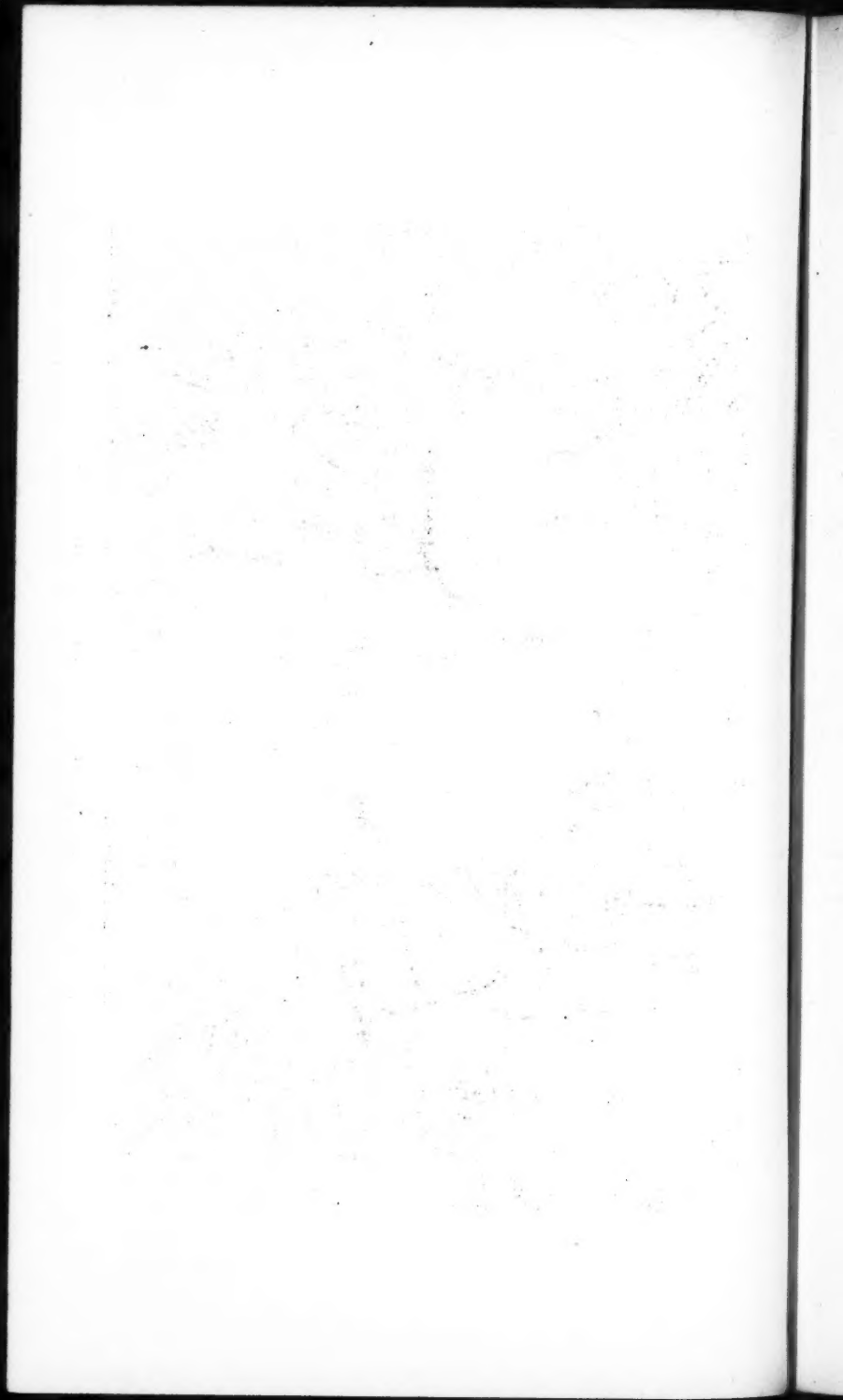
"No; but it's ten," asseverated another with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand——"





"YOU ARE RIGHT. I SEE IT ALL," AND NOW HE SEIZED HER HAND AND KISSED IT.



"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly adventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got in to Kilbeggan wet through and shivering——"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low proposal, and a low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town, to order a chaise and post-horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown-pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little bandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown-pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them so easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so asy to come at, makes us a bit lazy this evening!" said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Cannot the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half-saucily, in the same language.

"No; they cannot be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

"Take an umbrella then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might portend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own; it has many turnings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed wilfulness gave her, to his eyes, a charm scarcely second to that of her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her low liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast!

What subtle essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these natures, and how is it that men have no ascendancies of this sort—nothing that imparts to their superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he, to a fellow near, "and you shall have a sovereign when you come back with the horses;" and with this he strolled away across a little paddock and entered the garden. It was a large, ill-cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lilies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed, where flower-beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought Joe, as he strolled along the velvety sward, over which a clear moonlight had painted the forms of many a straggling branch—"What would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old and honoured name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future pretensions, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested; where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, perhaps more, might achieve them! What books would I not write! What novels, in which, fashioning the hero out of my own heart, I could tell scores of impressions the world has made upon me in its aspect of religion or of politics, or of society! What essays could I not compose here—the mind elevated by that buoyancy which comes of the consciousness of being free for a great effort! Free from the vulgar interruptions that cling to poverty like a garment, free from the paltry cares of daily subsistence, free from the damaging incidents of a doubtful position and a station that must be continually asserted. That one disparagement, perhaps, worst of all," cried he, aloud: "how is a man to enjoy his estate if he is 'put upon his title' every day of the week? One might as well be a French Emperor, and go every spring to the country for a character."

"What shocking indignity is this you are dreaming of?" said a very soft voice near him, and turning, he saw Nina, who was moving across the grass, with her dress so draped as to show the most perfect instep and ankle with a very unguarded indifference.

"This is very damp for you; shall we not come out into the walk?" said he.

"It is very damp," said she, quickly, "but I came because you said you had a message for me: is this true?"

"Do you think I could deceive you?" said he, with a sort of tender reproachfulness.

"It might not be so very easy, if you were to try," replied she, laughing.

"That is not the most gracious way to answer me."

"Well, I don't believe we came here to pay compliments; certainly I did not, and my feet are very wet already—look there and see the ruin of a 'chaussure' I shall never replace in this dear land of coarse leather and hobnails."

As she spoke she showed her feet, around which her bronzed shoes hung limp and misshapen.

"Would that I could be permitted to dry them with my kisses," said he, as, stooping, he wiped them with his handkerchief, but so deferentially and so respectfully as though the homage had been tendered to a princess. Nor did she for a moment hesitate to accept the service.

"There, that will do," said she, haughtily. "Now for your message."

"We are going away, Mademoiselle," said Atlee, with a melancholy tone.

"And who are 'We,' sir?"

"By 'We,' Mademoiselle, I meant to convey Walpole and myself." And now he spoke with the irritation of one who had felt a pull-up.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, smiling, and showing her pearly teeth.

"'We' meant Mr. Walpole and Mr. Atlee."

"You should never have guessed it?" cried he in question.

"Never—certainly," was her cool rejoinder.

"Well! *He* was less defiant, or mistrustful, or whatever be the name for it. We were only friends of half an hour's growth when he proposed the journey. He asked me to accompany him as a favour; and he did more, Mademoiselle: he confided to me a mission—a very delicate and confidential mission—such an office as one does not usually depute to him of whose fidelity or good faith he has a doubt, not to speak of certain smaller qualities, such as tact and good taste."

"Of whose possession Mr. Atlee is now asserting himself?" said she, quietly.

He grew crimson at a sarcasm whose impassiveness made it all the more cutting.

"My mission was in this wise, Mademoiselle," said he, with a forced calm in his manner. "I was to learn from Mademoiselle Kostalergi if she should desire to communicate with Mr. Walpole touching certain family interests in which his counsels might be of use; and in this event I was to place at her disposal an address by which her letters should reach him."

"No, sir," said she, quietly, "you have totally mistaken any instructions that were given you. Mr. Walpole never pretended that I had written or was likely to write to him; he never said that he was in any way concerned in family questions that pertained to me; least of all did he presume to suppose that if I had occasion to address him by letter, I should do so under cover to another."

"You discredit my character of envoy, then?" said he, smiling easily.

"Totally and completely, Mr. Atlee; and I only wait for you yourself to admit that I am right, to hold out my hand to you, and say let us be friends."

"I'd perjure myself twice at such a price. Now for the hand."

"Not so fast—first the confession," said she, with a faint smile.

"Well, on my honour," cried he, seriously, "he told me he hoped you

might write to him. I did not clearly understand about what, but it pointed to some matter in which a family interest was mixed up, and that you might like your communication to have the reserve of secrecy."

"All this is but a modified version of what you were to disavow."

"Well, I am only repeating it now to show you how far I am going to perjure myself."

"That is, you see, in fact, that Mr. Walpole could never have presumed to give you such instructions—that gentlemen do not send such messages to young ladies—do not presume to say that they dare do so; and last of all, if they ever should chance upon one whose nice tact and cleverness would have fitted him to be the bearer of such a commission, those same qualities of tact and cleverness would have saved him from undertaking it. That is what you see, Mr. Atlee, is it not?"

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand away, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay in sending for one, he is willing to take *me* as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favour, and she said, with a tone of like candour:—"You were right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he wanted his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:—

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, I know far more about *you*. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for this interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace everything, from the difficulties of Ireland to the puzzling embarrassments of a clever young man who has everything in his favour in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? do I



not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birthplace, we are both Bohemians!”

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said—“I seal the bargain.”

“And swear to it?”

“I swear to it,” cried he.

“There, that is enough. Let us go back, or rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure.”

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE TWO “KEARNEYS.”

A visit to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy, required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life, and its amusements; and Kate was quite satisfied to accept gaiety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls, and picnics, and charming rides in the Phoenix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments, that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshipped afar off, with the “awfully jolly girls” whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth-told; just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy-tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling

fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowth of economy that run through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but, perhaps more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasure of the meeting: so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelors' Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that 1,000*l.* or 1,800*l.* a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and, by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all, would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a

very long séance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick at the time of the message was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there anything up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me, 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say, I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way towards the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden-implements, and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and he motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick,—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, sir. He is often terribly hard up and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in anything dishonourable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honourable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobs—or swells, I believe you call them,—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! You have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without anything in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom McKeown, of Abbey Street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use in going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Ay, you needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think anything but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him, sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel now-a-days; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your

feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you ; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom McKeown is one of the keenest fellows I know ; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing Street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place : one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared,—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, sir. These would amount to a revolution."

"Well, and why not ? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution ? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, if you like, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he, 'take time by the forelock ; get rid of your entail and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the Government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will cumber you with, but be before them ! Get your son to join you in docking the entail ; petition before the court for a sale, yourself or somebody for you ; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words,—'bad property, in a very ticklish country ; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both.' You shall read it all yourself by-and-by ; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons."

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and so says Tom himself ; but he adds, 'There's no time to be lost ; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says, 'If you insist on holding on,—if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses,'—*my* saddle-horses ! Dick ! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.' Fox-hunting ! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess,'—poor Kitty's very like a duchess ; 'and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary ; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done, sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man; 'but we are old friends, Maurice Kearney,' says he, 'and we'll make it pounds.'"

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before now. We'd never have gone into that action about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for levelling Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Mullen-alick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage, Dick blurted out, "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you'll not have to go far for employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment; and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favour I would ask, sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't that it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### DICK'S REVERIE.

WHEN Dick Kearney left his father, he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit-trees of great size, long past bearing, and close underwood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree-tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom mountains nearly thirty miles away.



Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he, aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work upon the roads, to live by my daily labour. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bade to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I cannot either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my station as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however, blessings on the noble career that ignores character and defies capacity. I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her Majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbours." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And no cutting off the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in the manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savour of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offence to his love of rank and station to behold his son in the coarse uniform of a private! An only son, and heir, too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-by, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her for ever!

"And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have I contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? whose daughter seduced? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him, there will be ten—no, not ten, fifty—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and if I turned my steps towards home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid grey eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he, "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure, what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conviction, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in everything where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice then, I'll carry you off, Nina, for I'm thinking of bidding good-by to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent that far," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do anything, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honour! I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone-hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to wander over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool, or the bleak world where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No. I have not seen her. I don't know if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom, that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call *common-sense*."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of anything but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Everything. If you really loved a girl,—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice,—if you saw her in everything that was beautiful and heard her in every tone that delighted you,—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that heaven itself without her was cheerless,—if——"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or moulded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may then, if it be with such false money you would buy her," said she fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the '*métier*' is not much beneath you after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, Mademoiselle; see what my candour has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. For *that* there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding subsistence a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do everything; he will strive, and strain, and even starve to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task and himself a hired labourer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone!"

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wondering is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love, men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, tho' he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this, that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast, her merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm-wind.

"I wish I knew if you were serious," said he, gravely.

"Just as serious as you were when you spoke of being ruined."

"I was so, I pledge my honour. The conversation I reported to you really took place; and when you joined me I was gravely deliberating with myself whether I should take a header into a deep pool or enlist as a soldier."

"Fie, fie! how ignoble all that is. You don't know the hundreds of thousands of things one can do in life. Do you speak French or Italian?"

"I can read them, but not freely; but how are they to help me?"

"You shall see: first of all, let me be your tutor. We shall take two hours, three if you like, every morning. Are you free now from all your college studies?"

"I can be after Wednesday next. I ought to go up for my term examination."

"Well, do so; but mind, don't bring down Mr. Atlee with you."

"My chum is no favourite of yours?"

"That's as it may be," said she, haughtily. "I have only said let us not have the embarrassment, or, if you like it, the pleasure of his company. I'll give you a list of books to bring down, and my life be on it, but *my* course of study will surpass what you have been doing at Trinity. Is it agreed?"

"Give me till to-morrow to think of it, Nina."

"That does not sound like a very warm acceptance; but be it so; till to-morrow."

"Here are some of Kate's dogs," cried he, angrily. "Down, Fan, down! I say. I'll leave you now before she joins us. Mind, not a word of what I told you." And without another word he sprang over a low fence, and speedily disappeared in the copse beyond it.

"Wasn't that Dick I saw making his escape?" cried Kate, as she came up.

"Yes, we were taking a walk together, and he left me very abruptly."

"I wish I had not spoiled a *tête-à-tête*," said Kate, merrily.

"It is no great mischief: we can always renew it."

"Dear Nina," said the other, caressingly, as she drew her arm around her—"dear, dear Nina, do not, do not, I beseech you."

"Don't what, child?—you must not speak riddles."

"Don't make that poor boy in love with you. You yourself told me you could save him from it if you liked."

"And so I shall, Kate, if you don't dictate or order me. Leave me quite to myself and I shall be most merciful."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### MAURICE KEARNEY'S "STUDY."

HAD Maurice Kearney but read the second sheet of his correspondent's letter, it is more than likely that Dick had not taken such a gloomy view of his condition. Mr. McKeown's epistle continued in this fashion:—"That ought to do for him, Maurice, or my name ain't Tom McKeown. It is not that he is any worse or better than other young fellows of his own stamp, but he has the greatest scamp in Christendom for his daily associate. Atlee is deep in all the mischief that goes on in the national press. I believe he is a head-centre of the Fenians, and I know he has a correspondence with the French socialists, and that Rights-of-labour-knot of vagabonds who meet at Geneva. Your boy is not too wise to keep himself out of these scrapes, and he is just by name and station of consequence enough to make these fellows make up to and flatter him. Give him a sound fright then, and when he is thoroughly alarmed about his failure, send him abroad for a short tour: let him go study at Halle or Heidelberg—anything, in short, that will take him away from Ireland, and break off his intimacy with this Atlee and his companions. While he is with you at Kilgobbin, don't let him make acquaintance with those Radical fellows in the county towns. Keep him down, Maurice, keep him down; and if you find that you cannot do this, make him believe that you'll be one day lords of Kilgobbin, and the more he has to lose the more reluctant he'll be to risk it. If he'd take to farming, and marry some decent girl, even a little beneath him in life, it would save you all uneasiness; but he is just that thing now that brings all the misery on us in Ireland. He thinks he's a gentleman because he can do nothing; and to save himself from the disgrace of incapacity, he'd like to be a rebel."

If Mr. Tom McKeown's reasonings were at times somewhat abstruse and hard of comprehension to his friend Kearney, it was not that he did not bestow on them due thought and reflection; and over this private and strictly-confidential page he had now meditated for hours.

"Bad luck to me," cried he at last, "if I see what he's at. If I'm to tell the boy he is ruined to-day, and to-morrow to announce to him that he is a lord—if I'm to threaten him now with poverty, and the morning after I'm to send him to Halle or Hell, or wherever it is—I'll soon be out of my mind myself through bare confusion. As to having him 'down,' he's low enough; but so shall I be, too, if I keep him there. I'm not used to seeing my house uncomfortable, and I cannot bear it."

Such were some of his reflections over his agent's advice; and it may be imagined that the Machiavellian Mr. McKeown had fallen upon a very inept pupil.

It must be owned that Maurice Kearney was somewhat out of temper with his son even before the arrival of this letter. While the "swells," as he would persist in calling the two English visitors, were there, Dick took no trouble about them, nor to all seeming made any impression on them. As Maurice said, "He let Joe Atlee make all the running, and, signs on it! Joe Atlee was taken off to town as Walpole's companion, and Dick not so much as thought of. Joe, too, did the honours of the house as if it was his own, and talked to Lockwood about coming down for the partridge-shooting, as if he was the head of the family. The fellow was a bad lot, and McKeown was right so far—the less Dick saw of him the better."

The trouble and distress these reflections, and others like them, cost him would more than have recompensed Dick, had he been hard-hearted enough to desire a vengeance. "For a quarter of an hour, or maybe twenty minutes," said he, "I can be as angry as any man in Europe, and, if it was required of me during that time to do anything desperate—downright wicked—I could be bound to do it; and what's more, I'd stand to it afterwards if it cost me the gallows. But as for keeping up the same mind, as for being able to say to myself my heart is as hard as ever, I'm just as much bent on cruelty as I was yesterday—that's clean beyond me; and the reason, God help me, is no great comfort to me after all—for it's just this: that when I do a hard thing, whether distraining a creature out of his bit of ground, selling a widow's pig, or fining a fellow for shooting a hare, I lose my appetite and have no heart for my meals; and as sure as I go asleep, I dream of all the misfortunes in life happening to me, and my guardian angel sitting laughing all the while and saying to me, 'Didn't you bring it on yourself, Maurice Kearney? couldn't you bear a little rub without trying to make a calamity of it? Must somebody be always punished when anything goes wrong in life? Make up your mind to have six troubles every day of your life, and see how jolly you'll be the day you can only count five, or maybe four.'"

As Mr. Kearney sat brooding in this wise, Peter Gill made his entrance into the study with the formidable monthly lists and accounts, whose examination constituted a veritable doomsday to the unhappy master.

"Wouldn't next Saturday do, Peter?" asked Kearney, in a tone of almost entreaty.



"I'm affther ye since Tuesday last, and I don't think I'll be able to go on much longer."

Now as Mr. Gill meant by this speech to imply that he was obliged to trust entirely to his memory for all the details which would have been committed to writing by others, and to a notched stick for the manifold dates of a vast variety of events, it was not really a very unfair request he had made for a peremptory hearing.

"I vow to the Lord," sighed out Kearney, "I believe I'm the hardest worked man in the three kingdoms."

"Maybe you are," muttered Gill, though certainly the concurrence scarcely sounded hearty, while he meanwhile arranged the books.

"Oh, I know well enough what you mean. If a man doesn't work with a spade or follow the plough, you won't believe that he works at all. He must drive, or dig, or drain, or mow. There's no labour but what strains a man's back, and makes him weary about the loins; but I'll tell you, Peter Gill, that it's here,"—and he touched his forehead with his finger,—"it's here is the real workshop. It's thinking and contriving; setting this against that; doing one thing that another may happen, and guessing what will come if we do this and don't do that; carrying everything in your brain, and, whether you are sitting over a glass with a friend or taking a nap after dinner, thinking away all the time! What would you call that, Peter Gill—what would you call that?"

"Madness, begorra, or mighty near it!"

"No; it's just work—brain-work. As much above mere manual labour as the intellect, the faculty that raises us above the brutes, is above the—  
the——"

"Yes," said Gill, opening the large volume, and vaguely passing his hand over a page. "It's somewhere there about the Conacre!"

"You're little better than a beast!" said Kearney, angrily.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not. Let us finish this, now that we're about it."

And so saying, he deposited his other books and papers on the table, and then drew from his breast-pocket a somewhat thick roll of exceedingly dirty bank-notes, fastened with a leather thong.

"I'm glad to see some money at last, Peter," cried Kearney, as his eye caught sight of the notes.

"Faix, then, it's little good they'll do ye," muttered the other, gruffly.

"What d'ye mean by that, sir?" asked he, angrily.

"Just what I said, my lord, the divil a more nor less, and that the money you see here is no more yours nor it is mine! It belongs to the land it came from. Ay, ay, stamp away, and go red in the face: you must hear the truth, whether you like it or no. The place we're living in is going to rack and ruin out of sheer bad treatment. There's not a hedge on the estate; there isn't a gate that could be called a gate; the holes the people live in isn't good enough for badgers; there's no water for the mill

at the cross-roads; and the Loch meadows is drowned with wet—we're dragging for the hay, like sea-weed! And you think you've a right to these"—and he actually shook the notes at him—"to go and squander them on them 'impedint' Englishmen that was laughing at you! Didn't I hear them myself about the tablecloth that one said was the sail of a boat."

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried Kearney, wild with passion.

"I will not! I'll die on the floore but I'll speak my mind."

This was not only a favourite phrase of Mr. Gill's, but it was so far significant that it always indicated he was about to give notice to leave—a menace on his part of no unfrequent occurrence.

"Yes, going, are ye?" asked Kearney, jeeringly.

"I just am; and I'm come to give up the books, and to get my receipts and my charac—ter."

"It won't be hard to give the last, anyway," said Kearney, with a grin.

"So much the better. It will save your honour much writing, with all that you have to do."

"Do you want me to kick you out of the office, Peter Gill?"

"No, my lord, I'm going quiet and peaceable. I'm only asking my rights."

"You're bidding hard to be kicked out, you are?"

"Am I to leave them here, or will your honour go over the books with me?"

"Leave the notes, sir, and go to the devil."

"I will, my lord; and one comfort at least I'll have—it won't be harder to put up with his temper."

Mr. Gill's head barely escaped the heavy account-book which struck the door above him as he escaped from the room, and Maurice Kearney sat back in his chair and grasped the arms of it like one threatened with a fit.

"Where's Miss Kitty—where's my daughter?" cried he aloud, as though there was some one within hearing. "Taking the dogs a walk, I'll be bound," muttered he, "or gone to see somebody's child with the measles, devil fear her! She has plenty on her hands to do anywhere but at home. The place might be going to rack and ruin for her if there was only a young colt to look at, or a new litter of pigs! And so you think to frighten me, Peter Gill! You've been doing the same thing every Easter, and every harvest, these five-and-twenty years! I can only say I wish you had kept your threat long ago, and the property wouldn't have as many tumble-down cabins and ruined fences as it has now, and my rent-roll, too, wouldn't have been the worse. I don't believe there's a man in Ireland more cruelly robbed than myself. There isn't an estate in the county has not risen in value except my own! There's not a landed gentleman hasn't laid by money in the barony but myself, and if you were to believe the newspapers, I'm the hardest landlord in the province of Leinster. Is that Mickey Doolan, there? Mickey!" cried he, opening the window, "did you see Miss Kearney anywhere about?"

"Yes, my lord. I see her coming up the Bog road with Miss O'Shea."

"The worse luck mine," muttered he as he closed the window, and leaned his head on his hand.

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#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

IF Maurice Kearney had been put to the question, he could not have concealed the fact, that the human being he most feared and dreaded in life was his neighbour Miss Betty O'Shea.

With two years of seniority over him, Miss Betty had bullied him as a child, snubbed him as a youth, and opposed and sneered at him ever after; and to such an extent did her influence over his character extend, according to his own belief, that there was not a single good trait of his nature she had not thwarted by ridicule, nor a single evil temptation to which he had yielded, that had not come out of sheer opposition to that lady's dictation.

Malevolent people, indeed, had said that Maurice Kearney had once had matrimonial designs on Miss Betty, or rather, on that snug place and nice property called "O'Shea's Barn" of which she was sole heiress; but he most stoutly declared this story to be groundless, and in a forcible manner asseverated that had he been Robinson Crusoe and Miss Betty the only inhabitant of the island with him, he would have lived and died in celibacy rather than have contracted dearer ties.

Miss Betty, to give her the name by which she was best known, was no miracle of either tact or amiability, but she had certain qualities that could not be disparaged. She was a strict Catholic, charitable, in her own peculiar and imperious way, to the poor, very desirous to be strictly just and honest, and such a sure foe to everything that she thought pretension or humbug of any kind—which meant anything that did not square with her own habits—that she was perfectly intolerable to all who did not accept herself and her own mode of life as a model and an example.

Thus, a stout-bodied copper urn on the tea-table, a very uncouth jaunting-car, driven by an old man, whose only livery was a cockade, some very muddy port as a dinner wine, and whisky-punch afterwards on the brown mahogany, were so many articles of belief with her, to dissent from any of which was a downright heresy.

Thus, after Nina arrived at the castle, the appearance of napkins palpably affected her constitution; with the advent of finger-glasses she ceased her visits, and bluntly declined all invitations to dinner. That coffee and some indescribable liberties would follow, as post-prandial excesses, she secretly imparted to Kate Kearney, in a note, which con-

cluded with the assurance that when the day of these enormities arrived, O'Shea's Barn would be open to her as a refuge and a sanctuary; "but not," added she, "with your cousin, for I'll not let the hussy cross my doors."

For months now this strict quarantine had lasted, and except for the interchange of some brief and very uninteresting notes, all intimacy had ceased between the two houses—a circumstance, I am loth to own, which was most ungallantly recorded every day after dinner by old Kearney, who drank "Miss Betty's health, and long absence to her." It was then with no small astonishment Kate was overtaken in the avenue by Miss Betty on her old chestnut mare Judy, a small bog-boy mounted on the croop behind, to act as groom: for in this way Paddy Walshe was accustomed to travel, without the slightest consciousness that he was not in strict conformity with the ways of Rotten Row and the "Bois."

That there was nothing "stuck-up" or pretentious about this mode of being accompanied by one's groom—a proposition scarcely assailable—was Miss Betty's declaration, delivered in a sort of challenge to the world. Indeed, certain ticklesome tendencies in Judy, particularly when touched with the heel, seemed to offer the strongest protest against the practice: for whenever pushed to any increase of speed or admonished in any way, the beast usually responded by a hoist of the haunches, which invariably compelled Paddy to clasp his mistress round the waist for safety—a situation which, however repugnant to maiden bashfulness, time, and perhaps necessity, had reconciled her to. At all events, poor Paddy's terror would have been the amplest refutation of scandal, while the stern immobility of Miss Betty during the embrace would have silenced even malevolence.

On the present occasion, a sharp canter of several miles had reduced Judy to a very quiet and decorous pace, so that Paddy and his mistress sat almost back to back—a combination that only long habit enabled Kate to witness without laughing.

"Are you alone up at the Castle, dear?" asked Miss Betty, as she rode along at her side; "or have you the house full of what the papers call 'distinguished company'?"

"We are quite alone, godmother. My brother is with us, but we have no strangers."

"I'm glad of it. I've come over to 'have it out' with your father, and it's pleasant to know we shall be to ourselves."

Now, as this announcement of having "it out" conveyed to Kate's mind nothing short of an open declaration of war, a day of reckoning on which Miss O'Shea would come prepared with a full indictment, and a resolution to prosecute to conviction, the poor girl shuddered at a prospect so certain to end in calamity.

"Papa is very far from well, godmother," said she, in a mild way.

"So they tell me in the town," said the other, snappishly. "His brother magistrates said that the day he came in, about that supposed attack—the memorable search for arms——"

"Supposed attack! but, godmother, pray don't imagine we had invented all that. I think you know me well enough and long enough to know——"

"To know that you would not have had a young scamp of a Castle aide-de-camp on a visit during your father's absence, not to say anything about amusing your English visitor by shooting down your own tenantry."

"Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, not for three."

"Two, then—one even—one minute, godmother, will convince you how you wrong me."

"I won't give you that. I didn't come over about you nor your affairs. When the father makes a fool of himself, why wouldn't the daughter? The whole country is laughing at him. His lordship indeed! a ruined estate and a tenantry in rags; and the only remedy, as Peter Gill tells me, raising the rents,—raising the rents where every one is a pauper."

"What would you have him do, Miss O'Shea?" said Kate, almost angrily.

"I'll tell you what I'd have him do. I'd have him rise of a morning before nine o'clock, and be out with his labourers at daybreak. I'd have him reform a whole lazy household of blackguards, good for nothing but waste and wickedness. I'd have him apprentice your brother to a decent trade or a light business. I'd have him declare he'd kick the first man that called him 'My lord;' and for yourself, well, it's no matter——"

"Yes, but it is, godmother, a great matter to me at least. What about myself?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak of it, but it just dropped out of my lips by accident; and perhaps, though not pleasant to talk about, it's as well it was said and done with. I meant to tell your father that it must be all over between you and my nephew, Gorman; that I won't have him back here on leave as I intended. I know it didn't go far, dear. There was none of what they call love in the case. You would probably have liked one another well enough at last; but I won't have it, and it's better we came to the right understanding at once."

"Your curb-chain is loose, godmother," said the girl; who now, pale as death and trembling all over, advanced to fasten the link.

"I declare to the Lord, he's asleep!" said Miss Betty, as the wearied head of her page dropped heavily on her shoulder. "Take the curb off, dear, or I may lose it. Put it in your pocket for me, Kate; that is, if you wear a pocket."

"Of course I do, godmother. I carry very stout keys in it, too. Look at these."

"Ay, ay. I liked all that, once on a time, well enough, and used to think you'd be a good thrifty wife for a poor man; but with the Viscount your father, and the young Princess your first-cousin, and the devil knows what of your fine brother, I believe the sooner we part good

friends the better. Not but if you like my plan for you, I'll be just as ready as ever to aid you."

"I have not heard the plan yet," said Kate, faintly.

"Just a nunnery, then—no more nor less than that. The 'Sacred Heart' at Namur, or the Sisters of Mercy here at home in Bagot Street, I believe, if you like better—eh?"

"It is soon to be able to make up one's mind on such a point. I want a little time for this, godmother."

"You would not want time if your heart were in a holy work, Kate Kearney. It's little time you'd be asking, if I said will you have Gorman O'Shea for a husband?"

"There is such a thing as insult, Miss O'Shea, and no amount of long intimacy can license that."

"I ask your pardon, godchild. I wish you could know how sorry I feel."

"Say no more, godmother, say no more, I beseech you," cried Kate, and her tears now gushed forth, and relieved her almost bursting heart. "I'll take this short path through the shrubbery, and be at the door before you," cried she, rushing away; while Miss Betty, with a sharp touch of the spur, provoked such a plunge as effectually awoke Paddy, and apprised him that his duties as groom were soon to be in request.

While earnestly assuring him that some changes in his diet should be speedily adopted against somnolency, Miss Betty rode briskly on, and reached the hall-door.

"I told you I should be first, godmother," said the girl; and the pleasant ring of her voice showed she had regained her spirits, or at least such self-control as enabled her to suppress her sorrow.



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